

The American Girl

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Announcing Our
What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest

SEPTEMBER

1924

You'll be sorry if you
miss this in October

Pirates!



SID OVERHEARS A SUSPICIOUS
CONVERSATION

SID ROMLEY, heroine of our new serial, leans closer. What are those men saying? Oh! Quickly, then, she gathers her special friends about her. They invent a pass-word. And one dark night when the Life Savers are saying, "I hope no one's out in this," Sid and the rest—yes, that was the night the mystery was unraveled. And Sid was in the midst of the unraveling.

Laughing Last

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Look in the mirror! Don't you wonder what you will be doing in ten years? Don't you wonder, too, what famous women were doing, when they were your age? **When I was a Girl** is a fascinating series of articles written by Alice Mary Kimball in which famous women tell what they did when they were sixteen. In October, the story of Miss Ethel Traphagen, who designs the loveliest dresses! She will give you suggestions for yourself, too.

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An Elsie Singmaster story

Splash went Charles into a box of mortar when the girl he liked best was coming along. Charles gasped. What could he do? On came the girl. It's all in **An Ill Wind** by Elsie Singmaster—renew now!

**Old Hallowe'en Charms—Witches—Spiders—
Fortunes—Puzzles—A Bird House Contest**

And more, too!

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Published at 189 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

A magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls who love Scouting

HELEN FERRIS, *Editor*

ALICE WALLER, *Business Manager*

Vol. VII

September, 1924

No. 9

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*Everybody's scrambling
to get on our "American Girl"*

Camp Honor Roll

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(5 months for 50c)

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Camp Bonnie Brac, *Springfield, Mass.*
Camp Hoffman, *Providence, R.I.*
Camp Juliette Low, *Our Southern States*
Camp Calemaco, *Manhattan, N.Y.*
Camp Aquahung, *Bronx, N.Y.*
Camp Lallapaloosa, *Brooklyn, N.Y.*
Camp Wakoda, *Newburgh, N.Y.*
Camp Watchung,
Montclair and The Oranges, N.J.
Camp Paterson, *Paterson, N.J.*

*Your Camp can get here, too,
If you hurry*

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Published monthly by Girl Scouts, Inc., at National Headquarters, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Price, 15 cents the copy. Subscription, \$1.50 per year, Canadian postage 25 cents and foreign 50 cents extra. Entered as second-class matter August 11, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

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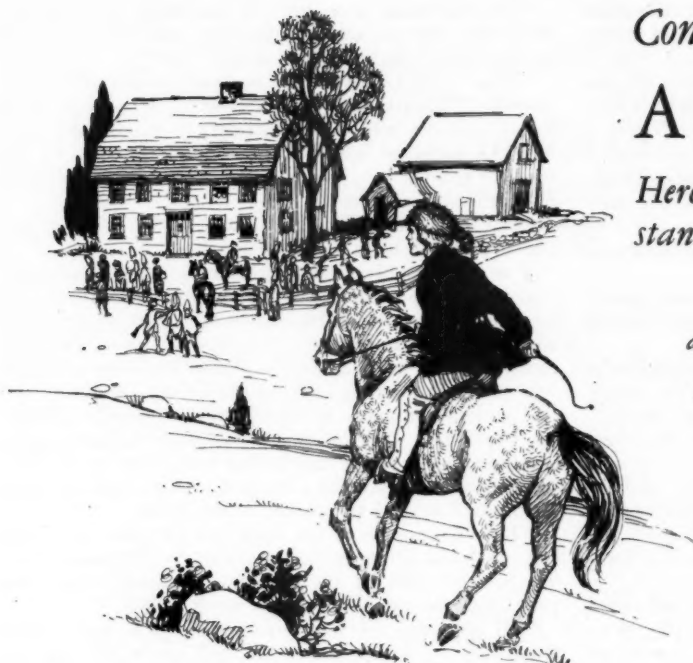
Decoration by Bernice White, Lieutenant of Troop 14, Riverside, California

Who Has Seen the Wind?

By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you!
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I!
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.



A horseman rode rapidly toward the farmhouse

What has happened in our serial

THE heroine is Susan Breakfasts Donne, fourteen years old, herself the Patriot Maid, living in stirring Colonial times. She finds herself in a dangerous situation. Her soldier uncle has been injured. Her grandparents, with whom she is staying, must go. The nearest neighbors, the Allens, are unfriendly. Susan must stay alone, even though the enemy Hessians are coming nearer every day. Her grandparents leave. Mr. Allen comes to pay in coin a debt owed Susan's grandfather, only because he knows the Hessians will steal the money. Too late, Susan realizes this. Just when she is racking her brains for a place to hide the treasure, Alexander and Phoebe Allen come running with the news that the Hessians have come. The three are desperate until Susan has an idea. They will melt honey with its comb and smear the mixture on the windows, doors and stairs of the house. Then the bees will swarm and whoever tries to enter the house will be stung. They do this. The bees swarm. And the Hessians, surrounding the house, are so woefully stung that they consider retreat. But one of them starts to set the house on fire. Alexander then waves a curtain to attract attention, for the Hessians have not as yet known that the house is occupied.

VI

"I know right well that we are not surrendering," the boy replied. "A white flag is the signal for a parley, too; and, anyhow, I'm waving the curtain almost as much to scare away these pesky bees as to attract the attention of the Hessians."

"There's a bee on your neck now, and I have two on me; but Grandfather says they don't sting unless you frighten them—so have a care not to slap."

Meanwhile an angry murmur ran from lip to lip of the crowd of soldiers assembled in the door-yard,

Concluding—

A Patriot Maid

Here ends the story of Susan's constant courage, despite severest trials

By EMILIE BENSON

and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Illustrations by Edith Ballinger Price

trampling ruthlessly on the flower-beds where Grandmother's lavender, gilly flowers and daffy-down-dillys had begun to show signs of life. It was evident that the men's patience was almost exhausted; but it was hard to see what action they could take that would place what they wanted within their reach.

"Pay no heed to the bees, but listen and try to hear what those men have to say. I can't make out a word of it." Alexander

spoke irritably, although it was in truth his anxiety that rendered him peevish.

The first understandable sentence that reached them was a command from a big Hessian with one eye closed and a cheek swelled as with toothache.

"Come down!"

"We can't," they chorused.

"He says, 'why can't?'"

"We're afraid of the bees— What's that he says, Alexander?"

"He says, 'why are the bees?'"

"They come for the honey that's spilled there."

"The big man says, 'who spilled?'"

"We did!"

"Now the fat man with the big fat nose and the mud on his cheek asks, 'why is the honey?'"

"Oh, dear, I wish they didn't think of so many questions. . . . We were melting it. If you melt it, comb and all, it never turns to sugar."

"The one who talks from one corner of his thick lips asks, 'Why do you melt?'"

"But I told them already. It keeps it from sugaring."

"The big one is not pleased with that answer, Susan Breakfasts."

"Why do you melt?" cried the big Hessian, motioning his fellows to silence.

"Oh, now I see what he means. . . . Because my Grandmother is away. I do the work."

"No! No! To defend the gold it is. Throw it out to us, or we burn!"

"I have no gold," Susan Breakfasts called back. "And that is true, for there is not one gold coin in the lot," she explained in a low tone to Alexander.

But the Hessian was not to be taken in.

"Those money give or we burn!" he shouted threateningly, and picking up one of the lighted torches, he waved it in the air, the smoke swirling around his head and the red light giving a look of fury to his distorted face.

"You'd better give it up, Susan Breakfasts," Alexander advised her nervously. "Your grandfather would rather have his house than this money."

"An' I give up the money, these hardy villains are like to burn the house as well. See what they did to your house, for all your family had a protection. There is no trust to be put in such. Nay, I told your father I would save the money, and save it I will!" Susan Breakfasts spoke hardily, and Alexander looked at her with ever-growing respect.

"You are not the girl I thought you," he declared, "afraid of your very shadow."

"I'm sure I shall never be afraid of anything again," Susan Breakfasts told him; "not even of your hateful rhymes."

The Hessians had watched this colloquy impatiently, the messenger who had now joined them visibly urging action of some sort. At length the spokesman shouted: "Last asking! Give or burn? We believe not bees nor gold about."

Before the children could answer there came a shout from the direction of the wood. Still another messenger had evidently been sent after the soldiers. He now stood raised up astride a rail fence, waving frantically to attract their attention.

When they gave signs that they had seen him he howled something angrily that made them mutter among themselves and then shout back to him a seeming promise of acquiescence to his orders.

Two or three even started slowly and reluctantly to retrace their steps, but the spokesman held his ground.

"I say it, give it or burn!" he shouted.

"'Tis true I have no gold," Susan Breakfasts declared.

The man made an angry gesture and he and his comrades advanced as close to the house as they dared and hurled their torches. Their aim was good. A crash of glass spoke of broken windows and, craning their necks, Susan and Alexander saw at least one flaming brand cross the kitchen doorstep. This brought instant retribution, for the bees swarmed out by thousands to avenge what they took to be an assault upon them, and for some minutes the Hessians were kept busy fighting off their attacks, while a faint smell of something burning seemed to Susan Breakfasts to rise from the room beneath her.



"I want it to go to his Excellency, General Washington"

"Oh, the house is on fire! I can smell it!" Alexander's fear was mounting. "Say you will give them the money if only they will put it out."

"They shan't have the money," Susan Breakfasts vowed. "They shan't! They shan't! It belongs to the Cause. Don't you see, Alexander, if they couldn't get into the house to hunt for plunder, they are little like to enter to save us. We must be ready to save ourselves when the chance comes."

"I'm ready enough," said Alexander, "but between bees and fire there's little we'll be able to do."

The Hessians were now gathering more fuel, nonetheless there was evidently some dissension, for the first messenger and a few older men broke off from the others and started back at the trot in the direction they had come, leading with them the little bow-legged soldier who had been so stung as to be blinded for the time.

The larger number of the enemy were still steadfast, yet hurried in their plans by the news the messengers had brought. In haste they pulled down part of the doorway fence, and with the palings and posts from this they disappeared around the corner of the house.

"They have gone to the back, where there are fewer bees, to build a fire against the wall." Alexander liked not to lose sight of his enemy. At least, when they were under his eye he knew the worst.

"I'll run into the west room and try to see," Susan Breakfasts volunteered, but she had scarce left his side when the boy called to her, excitedly:

"Come quick!" he cried. "Come quick!"

And she hastened back to see the Hessians running in disorderly retreat, holding up the long, full skirts of their coats in both hands, their huge canteens and swords rattling and their fat legs twinkling over the ground at a great rate.

"But what set them running like that? Surely it was not the bees."

"I know not." The boy was leaning far out of the window to follow the enemy with his eyes. "Didst see aught at the back?"

"Nay; I had not so much as peered between the curtains when you called me," Susan Breakfasts answered. "But I'll go spy now."

Again she had scarce more than crossed the room when Alexander cried, "Look! Look!"

As she ran to his side in time to see a party of horsemen, not in any discoverable uniform, but all well armed and mounted, dash across the meadows and cut off the Hessians from escape by way of the woods.

Susan Breakfasts with one movement stuck a thumb in each ear and covered her eyes. Even so, Alexander's voice reached her. "The cowards! The great poltroons! They're holding up their hands without striking a blow for their liberty. They're not soldiers—they're bugaboos to fright women and children."

"Right glad am I of that!" Susan Breakfasts' relief was self-evident. "Of all things, I most dislike the sound of a gun-shot, and I had no mind to be the witness of a battle. My blood runs cold within me at that thought."

"I fancied there was naught thou feared nowadays," Alexander suggested, mischievously, vastly cheered by this last development.

"'Tis not that I fear, exactly," Susan Breakfasts replied. "'Tis that such things are not to my liking. What are they doing now?"

"They have taken the Hessians' arms away and trussed each of them up like any chicken. Now the party is turning this way. . . . 'Tis my belief that they are

(Continued on page 33)



Aaron Taft did not believe in today's girls. Mr. Thorpe did. To them both, Prudence showed what she could do



When Prudence Drove the Car

By MAUD MARY BROWN

Illustrations by Bess Bly

HE was such a discontented old party and so disapproving of things in general that I simply had to watch him. And when we changed to the local at the junction, there were only two vacant seats in the coach—one beside a fat woman who had been indulging in garlic and the other with this funny man. Of course, I chose the latter, though there was no welcome on his door-mat. He was such a tempting morsel that I teased him a little. *Father!* You haven't heard a word I've been saying!"

"I have, too," Jasper Thorpe roused himself to maintain. "You have been telling me that you rode up from the junction with a fat man who had been eating garlic."

"I am going to throw you to the wolves," wailed Prudence.

Mr. Thorpe sighed gently. "I always hoped that your name would react on your temperament," he said.

Prudence rose from the luncheon table and went around to his side. "You might as well have named me Maizie," she jeered. Perching on the arm of his chair, she nestled against his shoulder. "Daddy," she whispered, "I've changed my mind; I'm not going to throw you to the wolves, because I don't want you to be hurt. I'd tackle a wolf with my bare hands if he so much as gave you a cross look. Honestly I would."

She ran her strong brown fingers through his graying hair, knocking off his glasses in the process, and he submitted to the caress with outward disapproval but secret delight.

"You might as well throw me to the wolves as to break my glasses," he said severely. "I would be about as helpless in either case. This spring is loose," he added, trying to adjust the glasses securely. "Remind me to have them fixed, daughter."

"All right, infant. It being Saturday, I suppose you are going to play golf this afternoon, daddy," she said, rising and drawing him to his feet and through a French

window to the piazza which overlooked the town, over a mile below.

"I don't know, Prue," he answered. "Aaron Taft is coming in on the two o'clock train."

"He is, is he? Then that accounts for your preoccupation. You're worrying, daddy. Why do you care whether or not he makes you general manager at the works? And, anyway, it is the directors and not the president who make the final decision."

"The first thing Mr. Taft did after having been elected president of Amalgamated two years ago was to get the directors in his pocket."

"Well, who cares? Your salary as superintendent is quite enough for us, precious. As general manager, your responsibilities would be so heavy that I'd never get a smile out of you. You haven't set your silly heart on it? Because, if you have, I'll get it for you if I have to use violence. I've never seen this priceless Taft party; I suppose he has happened to come to Haverly when I was away at college. However, I'll wager blindly that I can manage him. Take me?"

His arms went across her shoulders and he drew her very close. "You see, honey," he explained, "the general managership has been my goal for a good many years, and now that Bingham has gone, the chance to make it has come. If they overlook me now, they always will, and I shall feel that there is some deficiency in me."

"Father, your morale is all shot to pieces. I wish I could handle this situation for you; I'd make Aaron hand over that job or explain why not."

He chuckled at her spirited nonsense, knowing that she was attempting to stiffen his courage for the ordeal before him.

"Do you suppose he is coming to announce his decision, father?"

"Presumably. They can't delay much longer. I suppose it is the suspense that has sapped my nerve. It does look as though they doubted my ability, Prue."

"Nonsense! It's a big job, blessed; and, of course, they are going to take their time. You'll get it, honey; don't you worry."

There was silence for a moment. Then, "Daddy," she began with a sweeping gesture toward the industrial city sprawling in the valley at their feet, "don't you love it?"

He nodded absently, his near-sighted eyes on the view.

"Did I tell you what that artist who was up here the other day said, father?"

"I don't think so, Prue."

"He wrinkled his esthetic nose and called our smoke-stacks blots on the landscape."

"And what did you say to that, Miss Loyalty?"

She tittered reminiscently. "I said 'you've fozzled your punctuation marks, my friend; they're exclamation points in the epic of industry.' Wasn't that rather neat, daddy? Or doesn't it mean anything? Words fool me sometimes."

His eyes were full of affection for his daughter, long motherless, as he laughed.

"Anyway," Prudence added blithely, "the man admitted that those plumes of smoke against a sunset sky might have their points."

He gazed silently at the ugly structures of the industry which he loved and to promote the success of which he had given the best years of his life.

"Well, I must be on my way," he said at last. "There is some work to do at my desk before Mr. Taft's train comes. If he likes the idea, I'll drive him out to the club, but you never can tell what mood he will be in. I suppose he will leave at six; he usually does. Do you want the big car this afternoon, dear?"

"The roadster, please. I am going up the mountain for ferns and the big car is too heavy for the trip. Later I am going to meet some of the girls at the club; so I

may see you there. Buck up, blessed, and don't let this Taft party eat you alive. There go your glasses again; be sure to get them fixed, daddy."



Tugging at it with all her strength, she dragged masses of brush to the car

She gave his hand a heartening grasp and remained on the piazza while his car crept down the steep grade, nor did she turn till she heard him rattle over the wooden bridge which spanned the creek, far below.

"Anyway, I made him laugh," she consoled herself. "He is going to be terribly hurt if they don't promote him. Wouldn't I like to take a hand in making them do it? Fine chance, I don't think. Poor daddy!" And she went to the garage and savagely kicked the tires of the little car.

Having reached his office at the iron works, Mr. Thorpe sat down to read some letters and to collect his thoughts before the arrival of the president. He had hardly begun, however, when a form darkened the doorway and he looked up, frowning slightly at the interruption.

He was on his feet instantly, his hand outstretched. "This is a surprise, Mr. Taft," he said. "I expected you at two and was planning to meet you."

Mr. Taft eased his body into a chair by the desk. "Had to be in Stansbury yesterday," he explained briefly, "so I stayed overnight and came on the down train this morning."

That meant that the president had been in Haverly for hours without announcing himself; the fact was ominous and Mr. Thorpe's heart sank.

Aaron Taft was a ponderous man with an uncertain temper and a tongue as sharp as a blade, and his shrewd little eyes never registered human amusement unless he had some victim in his power.

He savagely bit off the end of a big cigar. "Been over the works," he volunteered.

"I would have been glad to have furnished a guide, Mr. Taft."

The president laughed mirthlessly. "No doubt," he said, "but I don't happen to care for personally conducted investigations, Thorpe."

Mr. Thorpe flinched at the implied insult as the president waved a shapeless hand toward the desk.

"Go on with your work," the latter said. "I want to think."

Mr. Thorpe gave his attention to his letters till they were finished and then turned to the other man. "Now I am at your service," he announced.

But Mr. Taft had no immediate intention of talking business. He discussed everything else expansively—industrial unrest; the European situation; housing in Haverly.

When, finally, a pause occurred, Mr. Thorpe suggested the country club. "It isn't much of a club as clubs go," he admitted, "but at that we're rather proud of it. Would you care to run out?"

"Don't mind. Rather like golf, though you might not think it." He glanced down at his bulky body. "Got to pass the time somehow."

"You are leaving at six?"

"Ten. Meeting some of the directors down the line."

"I see. Then why not dine with my daughter and me at Eagle's Nest? That is her name for our mountain home," he added, smiling. "Prudence was saying this noon that she had never met you. She is worth meeting, Mr. Taft."

"Humph!" Mr. Taft waddled to a window.

"You can see our chimneys," Mr. Thorpe pointed out.

"Nice. Always liked people with sense enough to get out of the herd."



Daughter keep house for you? It's a lost art, so far as most modern girls are concerned. Don't mind if I accept your invitation, Thorpe. Haverly's hotels are poisonous."

Mr. Thorpe's thoughts were rioting as he drove up the valley to the club. Not one hint as to his status with him or the directors had been dropped by the taciturn man at his side. Well, it was the president's next move and he would wait for it with what patience he could summon.

A few moments later they emerged from the locker-room of the club and sauntered down the piazza steps just as a girl in knickerbockers was teeing off.

"Look at that, Thorpe," demanded Mr. Taft, making little effort to keep his voice low. "What is our country coming to when its women lose their modesty?"

Mr. Thorpe's eyes were on the girl who was swinging down the fairway with the stride of one whose brain and nerves and muscles are coordinating perfectly. Surely a girl like that was more of an asset to her country than one with pale cheeks and useless muscles and a tendency to hysteria. He turned to say so to his companion, only to find that he had ascended the piazza steps and had seated himself heavily, all thoughts of golf abandoned.

"Thorpe," he began, as the latter drew a chair beside his, "the indecorum of this generation is a disgrace. I had a daughter who died when she was six. I loved her, but I vow to you, Thorpe, that I would rather have her in her grave than alive and like the modern girl."

Mr. Thorpe tried to protest, but was peremptorily silenced.

"And it is the parents who are to blame, Thorpe. Do you think for a minute that I would permit a man who hasn't the stamina to discipline his offspring, to manage a business over which I have any control? Never!"

"Why, just this morning——"

He broke off suddenly and half arose from his chair as a car swung up the drive. "There she is now!" He pointed a quivering finger to Prudence, who, unconscious of disaster, was alighting from her roadster.

"There's the girl who forced herself into my seat in the train this morning when there was a vacant one with a woman down the aisle. And she baited me all the way from the junction. If she has a father, big as she is, he ought to flog her."

Mr. Thorpe's nervousness slipped from him like a discarded garment, leaving him as serene as his daughter, who was approaching, smiling.

"Hello, daddy!" she sang out.

Not till she had spoken did she recognize Mr. Taft as her companion of the morning. She continued up the

steps and faced the men, who had risen. She looked bravely into the hostile eyes of her father's guest. Her swift intuition had given her the key to the situation and she knew that she had done irreparable harm to her father's prospects.

"This is my daughter," Mr. Thorpe was saying, and Prudence thrilled to the pride and loyalty in his voice. "Honey, Mr. Taft is dining with us tonight."

She bowed very coolly to the older man. "That is very nice, Mr. Taft. Are you playing? No? You *do* look a trifle warm for exercise. There is a storm brewing, don't you think? Now, if you will excuse me, I will join my friends. I'll see you at Eagle's Nest, Mr. Taft. Good-bye, blessed" — to her father — "good luck."

It had all been like a little comedy in which the honors had been carried off by the minor players. But Prudence's poise was assumed; really, her nerves were jumping. To think that she could have walked into danger this morning without some intuitive warning! To think that her perverted sense of humor had spurred her on to such utter imbecility! Her father was done for—she had no doubt of that; his years of constructive work had been nullified by her nonsense. Mr. Taft was a man who would see that someone paid for his displeasure, and in this case it would be her father who must settle the bill.

She played a few holes, her friends jeering at her faulty drives. "I don't feel like playing," she said at last. "And, anyway, that storm will be upon us before we can get home. Let's get back to the house."

In the meantime, Aaron Taft was sitting on the piazza of the clubhouse, his host silent beside him. He had come to Haverly prepared to appoint Jasper Thorpe general manager of Amalgamated. He recognized his ability and he had been vastly pleased with the result of his hours of inspection.

He had been playing with his candidate a little, enjoying keeping him in suspense. Now his whole being revolted at the thought of promoting the father of the girl who had displeased him.

His disapproval of the youth of today was, perhaps the only obsession in an otherwise shrewd and calculating brain. He had enshrined his daughter to his heart—not the girl into which she would have grown—but a fabricated ideal, fashioned from the characteristics of an earlier generation. And so completely had this abstraction taken possession of his imagination, he had been serious when he had stated that he would not entrust a business to a man who did not discipline his own children. His mind was busy with the situation when Prudence reappeared.

(Continued on page 30)



Jane Abbott

Sid's Thrilling Adventures Start in October

Take a girl who isn't afraid of adventure. Remove her from her older sisters. Take her to a romantic place by the sea. Surround her with a mystery and with chums to give the secret pass-word. Add a real love story and you have

Jane Abbott's New Serial

"Laughing Last"

Renew Now and Have the
First Chapter

What Caroline Could Do



Caroline placed a timid hand in Bob's large one. "I'm glad to meet you," she managed to say

The story of a shy girl

By HELEN FERRIS

Illustrations by ETHEL C. TAYLOR

WHEN Caroline Mead turned the corner and saw Margaret Holley and Bob Wheeler a block behind her, she shrank against the box hedge at her side. What if they were to call to her? If they did, she must walk all the way to school with them and what, oh, what was there for her to say to them?

For as long as she could remember, Caroline had been bothered by never knowing what to say to people. It wasn't that she didn't wish to be friends. No one would ever know how much she did wish it. Yet when she was with girls or boys a queer, heavy lump would choke the words in her throat. And she would wonder how the others ever managed to joke and chatter away.

So, now, she would have liked to wait for Margaret and Bob. If only she had not been so frightened at the thought of walking six blocks with them!

The scared feeling had been worse than ever since last fall, when her family had moved away from Farmington, where they had always lived, and had come to Brockport. Strange faces, teachers and girls and boys whom she had never seen before, all had been terrifying to Caroline. If Dora Higgins had not lived next door, she was certain she would never have known any one. But Dora had introduced her to the girls. Dora had taken her to the Debating Society meetings, which had made her feel less lonely. If only she could have thought of something to say to the girls after she met them!

Engrossed in their conversation, Margaret and Bob did not at first see the slim, trim little figure in the blue suit. "You're right it would be great to have a banquet,"

Bob was saying, "but where can we have it so that we can dance afterward?"

"That's the trouble," replied Margaret, "by the time you get the cast together and all the committees, that's another complication. Of course, we might have just the dance."

"Gee, Margaret, it's the banquet the fellows want," went on Bob, "you know, toasts and songs and the rest of the flub-dub."

"We might try a progressive dinner, going around from house to house and end up in—Bob, Caroline Mead!" broke off Margaret, pointing excitedly.

Bob blinked, then looked down the street. A girl in a blue suit was a half block ahead of them. From under her sailor hat, strands of wavy yellow hair rippled out on the morning breeze. As she walked, she lightly touched the leaves of the hedge beside her.

"You've got me. Who's Caroline Mead?" asked Bob.

"I don't wonder you ask. She's so shy, no one'd ever know she was around, unless you looked for her. She's new this year. Moved over from Farmington last fall. I said good-morning to her one day before I knew who she was, and I thought she was going to collapse on the spot. But—"

"What's she got to do with the banquet?"

"A lot! Say, if we have her to be Chief Cook, I'll bet we can give the banquet in the gym, with the dance afterward, too."

"How do you know she can cook, if you've never spoken to her?"

Margaret's eyes flashed. Then she laughed. "Old

stupid, I know her now. So do all the girls. You see, Dora Higgins lives next to her and after Dora got to know her, she found out that Caroline is the most wonderful cook. So when we were fussing about who'd be next Chairman of the Eats Committee in the Debating Society and no one wanted to do it, Dora nominated Caroline Mead. Say you ought to taste her cookies. She brought some to our last meeting. Caroline! Caroline! Wait a minute."

The blue figure ahead of them started, stopped, then haltingly turned—they had seen her and now she must walk with them! Fright crossed Caroline's blue eyes, darkening them as a sudden, sharp gust a smooth lake—Margaret Holley, President of the High School Dramatic Club, and Bob Wheeler, one of the best actors in the Senior Play, were calling to her—Oh—

Margaret and Bob hurried to Caroline's side.

"Have you met Bob Wheeler, Caroline?" asked Margaret.

The pink in Caroline's cheeks deepened. Bob held out his hand.

"Awful glad to meet you," he said.

Caroline placed a timid hand in Bob's large one.

"I'm glad to meet you," she managed to say, with lips that would quiver.

Margaret plunged into the plan. "Say, Caroline, everybody who was in the play last month wants to have a reunion banquet a week from Saturday. We want to dance, afterward, too. And the only place we can think of, where we could do both, is the school gym and there isn't any kitchen there."

"But you could put some oil stoves in the corner," replied Caroline quickly, forgetting that she could think of nothing to say.

"Say that's a peach of an idea," approved Bob.

"It sure is," agreed Margaret, "Won't you be Chairman of the Dinner Committee, Caroline?"

Again the blue eyes, so clear for a moment, darkened with fright. Chairman of the Dinner Committee! "Oh," she gasped, "I couldn't."

"Now, listen, Caroline," said Margaret, throwing her arm around Caroline's shoulders, "You're the only one I know in the high who's a good enough cook. Dora's been telling all us girls how you cook Thanksgiving dinners for your family and everything. This isn't any different, just a few more to give food to, that is. Please, Caroline, won't you?"

Caroline twisted a button on her coat. "I—I wouldn't know how to get everything there," she managed, at last.

"Oh, say, that's easy," joined in Bob. "Margaret and I'll do that. You plan it out and we'll guarantee enough plates and spoons and waiters and all the rest of it. Won't we, Margaret? Go on, Caroline, be a sport. You're the only one to do it."

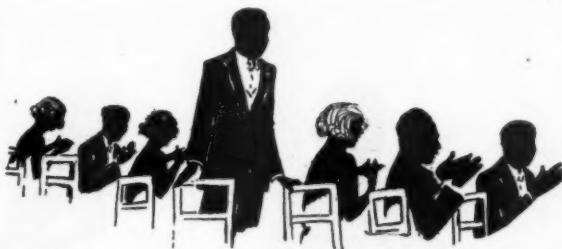
The sidewalk that had seemed to Caroline to be running straight up into the trees settled back into position—Perhaps they did need her—

"That's right, If you won't do it, I don't know who will," said Margaret in a discouraged voice.

The queer, tight feeling in Caroline's throat now loosened. Yes, they *did* need her. If she didn't do it, perhaps they couldn't have their banquet and that would be a shame, when they had all worked so hard on the play.

"I'll do it," she said. And at the sound of her voice she wanted to run away and never come back!

"Say, that's great, Caroline. You've saved the day," said Bob.



"Sky rocket for Caroline Mead," called Bob. "Make it snappy"

"Hurrah!" cried Margaret. "Just watch us. You won't have to bother about a thing besides planning what we'll eat and seeing that it's cooked. Although, goodness knows, that's enough!"

In her three and three-quarter years of high school, Caroline had never known a week like the one that followed. Members of the cast and play committees stopped her in the corridors, telling her how pleased they were to have her as Chairman of the Dinner Committee. Boys whom she had admired but to whom she had never dared speak offered her the use of their fathers' automobiles. In fact, shy little Caroline Mead became an important person!

There were moments when she was very much frightened about it all: times when she was certain the bisque would be burned, the patties cold before they were served. When she thought of these and other probable calamities, she wished a tornado would catch her up and snatch her away. Then she would not have backed out and yet no one could blame her for not appearing. But a tornado didn't because tornadoes don't as a rule!

Yet, strangely, Caroline was happy, too. Back in the Farmington High School there had never been anything which she could do well, it had seemed. Other girls were athletic and members of the school teams. Other girls could write for the school paper and compose school songs. But she had been just Caroline Mead, a nice girl, whom the women on the Supper Committee at her mother's church called on for a cake or a dozen Parker House rolls or for anything else that was needed.

At home, Caroline's father, a thin, stern man, had always taken for granted her ability to cook. A chicken roasted to a crispy brown, lemon meringue pie, yellow and fluffy white and delicately brown—why shouldn't every girl be able to produce such as they, he thought.

Caroline's mother appreciated her daughter's gift. Perhaps because she, herself, found cooking difficult. But even your mother's approval isn't the same as that of your own class-mates.

Every day, that week before the banquet, Caroline said it over and over to herself, Margaret and Bob Wheeler and all the others *admired* what she could do. They did because they told her so. She was Chairman of a Dinner Committee *at the high school*. Yes, although she was momentarily more frightened than she had ever been before she was happier, too.

"Say, Bob, have you seen the way Caroline has arranged the stoves and the serving tables in the gym?" asked Margaret as she and Bob collected table linen and silver from generous friends, on the day of the banquet. "You'd hardly know she's there, but she gets things done all right."

"You bet she does. Did she give you a piece of that cake? Oh, boy!"



"Come on, Caroline. They won't be satisfied till they see you"

In the corner of the gymnasium, behind screens that hid stoves and serving tables from the banquetors, Caroline Mead's cheeks were burning red. They were coming in, the cast, the committees, even Mr. Hagers, the Principal, all were there. If she were to fail now the banquet would be a failure!—a failure. The spoon in Caroline's hand dropped to the floor—She couldn't, she couldn't go on with it.

Stooping for the spoon, plates of cake loomed high before Caroline's eyes. On the table next to the cake, stood the salad green and red, with its bowl of yellow dressing nearby. In the corner a tall ice-cream freezer patiently waited, wrapped 'round with a strip of old carpet.

Then Caroline remembered. *Everything was ready.* She had been working there, since morning. Nothing could burn, because it hadn't. How could the dinner be spoiled? It couldn't—

"Shoot!" said Bob, poking his head around a screen. "They'll all be seated in a minute, now."

Time to serve the dinner—There were no one but the waitresses to see her, Caroline forgot the boys and girls and Mr. Hagers and the fear that they might not care for the food. With hands that were steady, she served the patties, the peas, arranging the dishes in neat rows, for the girls with their trays.

As the banquetors sang and joked and became more and more merry, Caroline felt lighter and lighter, as though she could sail right up to the ceiling of the gymnasium. Nothing had burned. And now even the ice cream had been dished up and was on the tables.

"Where's the cook?" demanded Bob Wheeler, loudly. "We want the cook!"

Caroline crouched behind one of the stoves.

"We-want-the-cook." called the crowd.

Margaret pulled Caroline's hand. "Come on, Caroline. They won't be satisfied till they see you."

Caroline clung to Margaret. Eyes, eyes, eyes, everywhere. All looking at her. How awful!

"Sky rocket for Caroline Mead," called Bob. "Make it snappy."

Ray, ray, ray,—starting slowly, Ray, ray, ray,—faster, faster. Ray, ray, ray, Caroline Mead.

"Sky rocket for Caroline Mead's dinner," demanded Bob.

Ray, ray, ray. Caroline Mead's dinner.

"YUM," added Bob.

After the banquet, high school was a different place for Caroline. Every one who had attended the banquet seemed to consider her a friend. People smiled at her, talked to her in the corridor, invited her to their homes. It was not long before Caroline was so interested in what those about her were saying that she forgot to worry over what she herself should say!

If only college had been the same! When, in September, Caroline went away to a college where she knew no one, she was desperately homesick. The large dining room was a nightmare to her, a place from which she escaped as soon as she

could. Classrooms were equally terrifying, because she might be called upon to recite any day. The old fear of not knowing what to say came back, worse now than before, because she could not go home to her mother, at night.

The girls along the corridor, after a few attempts to become acquainted with Caroline, decided she wished to be left alone and left her alone. When her classmates, planning a feast for their victorious hockey team, sighed for some one to take charge of it, Caroline tried to say she would do it. But something happened to her tongue.

The only place upon the campus that seemed the least friendly to her was the kitchen she discovered to her own dormitory, where students were permitted to cook. When she learned of this, she was happier than she had been for weeks. She would bake a cake, and invite over Dorothy Priory, the girl who sat beside her in geometry.

With sugar and butter and milk and a cake of chocolate, Caroline started for the kitchen. Through the open door, she could see several girls at work.

*"Oh, we want to know why,
We want to know why
We want to know why
All Freshmen are green."*

Sophomores! Singing their new song about the Freshmen! Caroline fled for her room. Dropping the milk and the sugar and the butter upon the table, she buried her head in a couch pillow—Why had her father sent her to this college, where she didn't know anybody, where all she could do was study in books that weren't a bit interesting?

Well, she wouldn't stay any longer. She'd write him that night she was coming home. She would—she would.

(Continued on page 29)



I vote for GS pictures



I vote for Mystery Stories



I vote for Puzzles



I vote for Presses



I vote for Poetry Pages



I vote for Boarding School Stories

The AMERICAN GIRL'S OWN BALLOT



I vote for Adventure Stories

Announcing our What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest

ANY reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL may enter this contest. It is our What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest and will be won by the girl who writes the best letter telling what she wishes to have in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Vote

But before you write your letter, you must vote. Everyone has a ballot these days. Here is yours. Look it over carefully. Think what you have liked best in THE AMERICAN GIRL during the past year. Then place in the squares, representing what you have best liked, numbers up to six. That is, place 1 in the square you have liked best, 2 in your second choice. And so on. If you don't see a square for your favorites, write your vote on the margin of the page.

If do not wish to tear out this page, write your choice on a separate paper, as "Camping Stories: 1" and so on.

Write a Letter

Next, write your letter observing the rules below. In this letter, tell the Editor just what you wish to have in your magazine during the coming year. What do you wish more of? What would you add that you have not found there already? Have there been certain things which you have not liked? See page 50 for further suggestions.

The Award

To the girl who writes the best letter a radiolite watch will be awarded or another article of equal value from our National Supply Department. Her letter and photograph will be published in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Watch these rules carefully

1. No letter received after October 1st will be eligible.
2. Every letter must be accompanied by a ballot, indicating your six first choices. Use either this page or a separate sheet.
3. Make your letter not more than 400 words in length; write in ink on one side of the paper.
4. Write your full name, age, address, and troop number at the top of the first page of your letter and upon your ballot.

Letters must be addressed to
Editor, What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest
THE AMERICAN GIRL, 189 Lexington Ave., New York City

VOTE TODAY FOR OUR FAVORITE PAGE



I vote for Athletic Page



I vote for Handicrafts



I vote for Fashion Pages



I vote for Boy & Girl Stories



I vote for Candy Pages



I vote for SCOUT NEWS



I vote for Ol' Kentucky Stories

The Slimming of Beanie

The story of a too-fat girl who became a just-right girl

By CAMILLE DAVIED, *Our Fashion Lady*

Illustrations by Kathleen Vouté

"O H, Beanie!" Bobs, her damp hair flying out behind her, came running up the path from the lake. "Ida Lou's found a blueberry patch on the hill above the yellow birch. If we hurry we'll have time to pick enough for a pie for supper, and Molly knows how to make pie crust." Bobs hung up her wet bathing suit and came around in front of Beanie's tent. "Mary and Ida Lou have already gone up to hold it before anybody else gets there, and I came by for you and a bucket."

Beanie put her book over on the shelf and got up from the bed irritably. "I'm sorry. I can't go. I've got something else to do. I'm going down to practice for my three-mile canoe test."

"Why, Beanie, you've got a whole week to pass that old test, and it's your time to cook. I thought you'd be pleased as punch to have everybody jump in and help with supper—"

"I'd be pleaseder if you all'd let me do my own thinking." And she went down to the canoe dock leaving the astonished Roberta to go soberly up the hill.

"Beanie wouldn't come," she told the girls as she came up to the blueberry patch. Mary was there and Ida Lou and Molly.

"What's the matter with Beanie this year, anyhow," Mary wondered perplexedly. "Last year she was the most fun of any girl in camp."

"That's what I want to know," Ida Lou broke in. "Mollie didn't talk about a thing all winter except Beanie and how glad she was that she was going to tent with her. As far as I've seen, Beanie hasn't done a thing but snap at her since camp opened."

"Oh, Beanie's all right," Mollie said stoutly.

"Of course she is," Mary agreed. Ida Lou was a newcomer in the patrol and even if she was Mollie's friend that was no reason why she should knock an old girl like Beanie.

"Well, if she's your idea of a tender and companionable tent mate—why I'd rather tent with a porcupine. At any rate it wouldn't take up so much room."

"Beanie did get kind of plump this winter," Molly was forced to admit.

"Kind of plump—she's twenty pounds over weight. Miss Jinny said so," Ida Lou persisted.

"Well, Beanie was a perfect peach last year. Will you ever forget that silly song she used to sing to the nurse



*Why couldn't she do it now?
She set her teeth and started back again*

every time anybody was sick—

It's not her;

It's me, Miss Jinny,

Standin' in the need of pills,

and a lot more about chills and ills and candy pills! She'd never been sick a day in her life and she was so round and plump, but she could look the pitifullest. You didn't even mind being iodined, with Beanie standing around and begging for some too."

"Beanie's father went to Europe this spring and she had to come up early and stay by herself with just a few councillors until camp opened. Maybe she got lonesome and didn't get over it," Mary ventured.

Meanwhile Beanie paddled doggedly up and down the lake. The late

afternoon sun was hot and the glare from the water made her head ache. It ached abominably. So did her arms and back. She had been up and down four times—last summer she had made the six times easily enough, why couldn't she do it now? She set her teeth and started back again. At the end of the fifth round she gave up and came ashore.

The pies were a great success. There were two of them. Troop A prided itself on its kitchen equipment, and they modestly admitted that they were the best cooks in camp. Mollie had baked the crust in the reflector oven, and Ida Lou cooked the berries on the top of the stove. Beanie thought the rest of the meal would never get ready. She burned the scrambled eggs and cut her finger as she peeled the tomatoes. But nobody minded, and even she had to laugh as the twins came running up from the craft house and insisted on bearing the pies to the table with ceremony. The twins were usually a sober

enough pair, with their round rosy faces and their yellow hair parted exactly in the middle and braided in two straight, tight pigtails. But now they were irresistibly funny, as with the pies held high they marched around the table chanting solemnly,

Oh my, oh pie,

We bow to you and cry,

*If anybody here loves blueberry pie,
It's I, I, I, I, I.*

Even Miss Billie was so amused at their antics that she didn't notice until the end of the meal that Beanie had eaten nothing but pie. "I'm just not hungry," she said in answer to Miss Billie's question, and slipped away. But when the rest of the Patrol started out to climb Peck's Hill



So Miss Jinny found a very unhappy little figure on the bottom step of the stile when she came back

to see the sunset, and incidentally to get in training to climb Mount Pike the next week, she went along.

The climb was harder than the paddling had been. Her head kept aching and all her other aches kept company; her stomach was sick, and she was so irritable that she could have screamed with miserableness. The other girls were ahead with Miss Billie and Miss Jinny, who was telling her famous story of David Sheeley's ghost. Mugs, one of the twins, who was always frightened by ghost stories hung behind with Beanie. But when they left the road for the woods, the white birch trees stood out against the gloom like tall wraiths and they hurried to catch up with the others. Beanie was quite beside herself with nervousness for fear she couldn't keep up. Then at last the stile and the light and the open again. But she couldn't go on.

"I reckon I won't go on to the top," she told Mugs. "You tell Miss Jinny I'll wait here until you all are ready to go down." She had to be by herself where she could cry forever and ever and be as miserable as she was.

So Miss Jinny found a very unhappy figure on the bottom step of the stile when she came back for her a few minutes later. "There isn't anything the matter with me," she sobbed, "but I just can't stop crying. What'll the girls think of me?" she wailed.

"Nevah mind, honey, we won't wait for them. But why did you come, chile, when you were feelin' so badly?" she wanted to know with her cool hands on Beanie's hot, aching head. "Well, never mind."

She called up to Miss Billie that they were going on down, and they went back over the stile. Beanie thought she couldn't bear to go through those dark woods again, but a mosquito zoomed by and reminded Miss Jinny of Bre'r Rabbit's courtin' and they were out on the road in no time at all. Then the camp truck on a belated errand picked them up, and before she knew it Beanie was in bed in the hospital shack with Miss Jinny's soft Virginia voice putting her to sleep, and Miss Jinny's calomel pills safely tucked away.

"It's just the excitement of seeing all the girls again and nothing but blueberry pie for supper," Miss Jinny told Miss Billy. "She'll be all right in a day or two."

That was on Saturday, but on Monday when the hikers were signing up for the climb to the top of Pike, Miss Jinny thought Beanie had better not go. "I don't know what is the matter with Beanie," she confided to Miss Billie. "She's almost over her little sick spell, but she has lost interest in everything. I'd be thoroughly out of patience with her, if I didn't know her better." And Miss Jinny was even relieved when Migs stumped her toe at the swimming dock and it was decided that she had better stay behind, too. "She'll be company for Beanie, and maybe cheer her up," she thought.

But except for their occasional fits of gaiety, the twins were quiet little

mouses, and Migs without Mugs was quieter than ever. She sat in one corner of the hospital shack reading *The Outline of Science*. "Little prig," thought Beanie and turned her back to look out through the apple tree to old Pike up against the sky, and was more miserable than before.

It wasn't until after supper that Beanie realized that Migs, too, was lonesome. "I'll bet they're having a good time up there," she said, looking out across the valley to the mountain. And then after a pause, "We're going to have a new mother next winter. Our father is going to get married."

Beanie sat up in bed. "Why mine is, too. Is yours nice?"

"Oh, yes," Migs said shyly. "We went to see her before we came to camp. We like her. She's pretty."

"Mine is too. She's just lovely—" and Beanie started to cry again.

Miss Jinny who thought she had found the secret of Beanie's unhappiness, came over to comfort her. "Why, Beanie, that is no way at all to feel about your new mother. She's probably a dear, and here you are sulking about her. It isn't hospitable."

"Oh, it's not that at all," wailed Beanie. "I just adore her. But she won't like me. She thinks I'm little and sweet and pretty, and I'm just a

fat old thing, and I look like a bag with a string tied around the middle, and she'll hate me and I don't blame her. And I've done everything there is to get thin. I've starved and I've exercised, and I've drunk gallons of vinegar, and I'm just as fat as I ever was."

"You've done what?" Miss Jinny was wide-eyed. But Beanie needed comforting again and after a while the whole miserable story was told.

"She used to live next door to us when I was a little girl—she and her little boy. Only he's not little any more. He's going to college next year. And father met her again when he went to Europe this spring. You know I didn't realize how much I'd changed until I got her letter calling me 'dear little Felicia' and she told about how she remembered me as a pretty little girl. And I knew I just couldn't stand to have her and daddy get off the boat next September and find me looking like the fat lady in a circus."

"And what did you do to get thin?" Miss Jinny asked quietly.

"A girl at school said vinegar was fine. She said it dried your blood up and the fat would just wither away—but it didn't. I took, oh, I don't know how much, and I've starved and I've exercised, and nothing does any good. Oh, I reckon you think I'm vain and silly and a poor Scout and everything. But it's terrible. I'll keep getting fatter and fatter. My grandmother was fat, and I reckon I've inherited it. I wish I was dead."

"Oh, Beanie—" for once Miss Jinny didn't have a word to say. Beanie waited for the scolding.

And then out of the show there was a suppressed giggle from Migs.

(Continued on page 37)



"I'll have some spinach but no potatoes. I'm five pounds over weight and if I get any fatter, I'll look like Mugs"



"And do you know that daddy hardly knew me when he got off the boat?"



Why do we need new Headquarters? Look at this picture

Moving Day Is Coming!

And the Girl Scouts will move into their new National Headquarters

HAVE you been wondering why the Girl Scouts need new National Headquarters? Look at this photograph of one of our present offices!

Yet even the photograph does not give you a complete idea of how crowded the room is until you know that by actual measurement there is but eighteen inches between the backs of the chairs at the front of the picture. These two young women cannot both stand up at the same time, for there is not sufficient room for them to push back their chairs!

There is another problem in this office due to its crowded condition. It is often necessary for people from the outside to come in and consult with these young women or to make business calls upon them. There is no room here for a visitor's chair. If the visitors are to sit down, one of those belonging in this office must leave and give the visitor her chair.

Yes, we have entirely outgrown the old building at 189 Lexington Avenue. And the reason is found in four words: the girls of America. When five years ago we moved into our present quarters, no one had the slightest idea that so many girls would wish to become Girl Scouts. But they have, thousands and thousands of them, more every year. News of the happy and splendid time the Girl Scouts have together has so quickly spread that in ten years the number of girls who have become Girl Scouts is 497,820.

• But with thousands of girls joining the Girl Scouts every month and with thousands more wishing to join, you can imagine what has been happening in our National Headquarters with only just so much space—look at the picture!

For it is to National Headquarters that letters come saying, "Some of us wish to have a Girl Scout troop in our town. But there isn't any other troop here, at all. What shall we do?" Of course letters like this delight us. So, too, do letters saying, "Our troop has been orga-

nized five years. Will you please send us some new plans?" And we try to answer all the letters as promptly as we can.

But in order to answer them, there must be someone to do it. And there must be a typewriter on which to do it. And someone to use the typewriter. And the more Girl Scouts and officers there are, the more people there must be at National Headquarters to make new plans and to answer all the letters.

Do you wonder we have become so crowded in our old Headquarters?

But there is still another reason why there are Girl Scouts in every state in the United States today. Not only have the girls themselves wished to be Girl Scouts; our fathers and mothers, our Commissioners, our officers and many other older friends have believed in us and have helped us.

So it is that this fall we are going to turn to the many older friends of Scouting all over the country to ask them to help us. And we are going to let them, too, buy bricks in our new National Headquarters. Each brick to cost ten dollars.

This National Building Fund Campaign of ours will take place from November 10th to December 10th. But we are telling it now that you may talk to your Captain about it and to your father and mother. For it is amazing to think how the money which is needed will come in with ten dollar bricks. If every Commissioner and every Council member were to buy one brick, we would have \$40,000. Think of it. In addition to this, if every officer were to buy one brick we should have, altogether, \$112,710.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, our Chairman, and the Committee in charge of the campaign are writing all the local Girl Scout councils and to the Captains not under councils telling them just how to send in the brick money.

Midnight Visitors

A true ghost story

By DOROTHY COMPSTON

14 years old, Second Class Girl Scout of Rhode Island

Illustrations by Mary Morris

THROUGH the thick murmuring boughs of the majestic pine trees little of the fading light of evening penetrated. Beneath them, all was silence. Even the light tread of some twilight prowler of the woods was scarcely audible on the thick carpet of soft pine needles. Here darkness reigned supreme, broken only by the dancing, flickering light of a tiny camp-fire.

As dusk deepened into twilight, the fire grew and cast its cheerful glow farther into the dark recesses of the forest. It was then that from around its blaze youthful voices singing low, sweet camp songs, blended with the dim sounds of nature.

This chorus was made up of one patrol of the Pinecone Troop 2, who accompanied by their Captain, Mrs. Bradely, were out for an over-night hike. They had made good progress that day, reaching their destination about four o'clock in the afternoon, after a rather tiring tramp due to the exceptional warmth of the day. After eating a hearty supper around the camp-fire, the girls had placed their blankets as closely as they dared to the blaze and settled themselves for a quiet evening of songs and stories.

"Come on, Cappy. It's your turn to tell us one now," called out one of the smaller eight girls after the song had ceased.

Mrs. Bradely, affectionately called "Cappy" by the girls, shook her head as she laughingly replied, "Honestly, girls, I've exhausted all the stories of ghosts and haunted houses that I know. Let some one else tell one this time. How about you, Bob? You can usually give us a thriller."

The suggestion was made a demand by the younger girls, who turned a volley of commands, pleases and at last shoves upon a tall, slim, rather boyish appearing girl, with dark eyes and hair.

At last with a groan she gave in, predicting that they would see ghosts and spooks all the rest of the night in their sleep. For half an hour she kept them spell bound by telling a horrifying tale of ghosts in a nearby deserted house that they had explored that afternoon. As they listened, their eyes wide with terror, each girl would look over her shoulder into the darkness of the woods, then shudder and draw closer to her companions and the comforting blaze of the fire.

After the teller had finished with a fearful, tragic and impossible ending, the girls sat in silence for a few moments. Then Alice, who was Bob's especial chum and the only other older girl present, shook herself, laughed and declared fiercely, "Bob Stewart, you ought to know better than to tell a horrid story like that to these little kids. That was absolutely, positively the very worst you've

ever told. How did you ever think of it? You didn't see any-any—any—"

"No, I didn't see any ghosts roaming around over there this afternoon, if that's what you mean," broke in Bob a little scornfully. Then she added, sweetly, "Think you'll have a nice night's rest, Alice dear? I told you there would be more than one nightmare held around these parts after I got through. But you would have it, so it's your own fault."

Alice was going to reply when Mrs. Bradely interrupted with, "That was a creepy one. But as Bob says we forced her into telling it. Let's sing something cheery now and forget all about it."

Her suggestion was followed and for some time the forest rang with the brightest and merriest of Scout songs. As the night was becoming very chilly and it was getting late, it was not long before Taps was sung. And after a great deal of hilarious excitement it was found which blankets were which. After that, it was not long before the owners were curled up in them for the night.

Hours later, Bob opened her eyes with a start. Over in the east the sky was lighted with a silvery glow and as the Scout watched, marvelling at the beauty of it, the great white moon rose and slowly, majestically, made its way higher in the heavens. All about, the trees made sinister shadows among which the moonbeams played like mischievous elves or spirits.

Bob was roused from her admiring reverie by the realization that she was very chilly. She raised herself on one elbow and a glance at the fire revealed only a mound of dying embers. Quickly she sat up and slipped on her



Onward, ever onward advanced the spiritlike trio

shoes. For a moment she stood poised rather uncertainly on one foot, then rubbing her eyes and stretching herself, she succeeded in stepping over the sleepers with no greater mishap than slightly kicking Elsie, the latter accident making that young lady grunt but not fully arousing her. She managed to poke up the fire, place on more wood and pausing a moment before going back to her blankets, she leaned against a boulder in deep thought.

It was a queer sensation, that of knowing you were the only human being awake in those dark somber woods. Yet it was not exactly an unpleasant one. For miles that shadowy curtain of night was unbroken by artificial light. For miles no modern improvements of man's hand trespassed upon the rough and rugged forest land. Here nature ruled unmolested.

As she gazed into the gloom, Bob felt a depression pass over her. For a moment she could not shake off the memory of the story she herself had told. Laughing a little nervously she started for her blankets, when a slight noise made her jump violently. It was only one of the girls moving restlessly in her sleep. The momentary fright served only to make her scurry to the friendly folds of her blanket, where she soon fell asleep. Some time later, she awoke again, now with the feeling that she was not the only one awake in the camp. The fire was again burning low. As she was contemplating getting up and putting on more wood, some one near her coughed violently. Bob turned to meet the grinning countenance of Alice.

"Hello, Alice dear," she greeted the other.

"Hello, Barbara dear," mimicked Alice in a sweet tone.

"Alice, do you know I always did love you," asserted Bob feelingly, "I don't know why, but it's the truth. In fact I think I would do most anything for you. By the way, dear, there is more wood needed on the fire."

"Yes," answered Alice, "I knew you would do anything for me. That's why I didn't bother to tend the fire."

Bob groaned and declared with energy, "If I had such a thing as a pillow here, sweet one of mine, I would let you have it. Not so gently, though. Say, I don't feel a bit like sleeping, do you?" Bob got up, put some sticks on the fire and returned. "Have you been asleep very much?" she asked.

"Not so very much. My arm hurts like the dickens. I don't know what's the matter but it certainly kept me from having those sweet dreams you predicted."

Both were silent for a few minutes, gazing dreamily into the fire.

"What're you thinking about, Al?" demanded Bob mischievously.

"Oh, noth—SHHH! Listen! Don't you hear something moving over there by that tree? Quick! Give me the flashlight!"

"I don't hear any—oh, yes, I do! I haven't got the flashlight. You had it yourself, just a minute ago. There!"

The light located, there followed a wild flashing in the direction of the tree where the patrol had stored their food. Nothing there. Still that cracking of brush as though some one were trying to push his way through

the dead wood near the base of the pines. If they listened intently, the girls even fancied they could hear some one breathing hard. Again an interval of silence, followed by the cracking of brush. Hark! What is that? The village clock striking the hour of midnight!

The light aroused Mrs. Bradely. And what a relief it was to the girls to hear her cheery voice, "What's the matter, girls?"

"There's something moving around over there in the woods. Can't you hear it?" whispered the girls.

"Look, Cappy!" added Bob, in excitement, "right in front of us. See, over to the left."

Sure enough, there, standing out clearly against the inky blackness of the night, were three white figures. Slowly, rather uncertainly, they moved forward now stopping as though to see whether they had caused any disturbance, now coming on again, keeping an equal distance apart and directly behind each other. It certainly was a spooky sight and even Bob who would have laughed at the idea of being frightened by ghosts, felt the cold shivers run down her back. Onward, ever onward advanced the spirit-like trio. They seemed to be gliding along, never once touching the ground, yet their footsteps were distinctly audible. Once the leader seemed to stumble and in perfect imitation, the others did likewise.

Suddenly, a wild thought entered Alice's head. They were coming from the direction of the deserted house!

Then Alice, not caring in the least whether or not the others knew that she was thoroughly frightened, buried her face in her arms and began to cry. Bob drew a long breath, when again the sound of cracking twigs fell upon her ear. With a desperate attempt at coolness, the Scout swung about to face the intruder. For a moment the darkness made it impossible for her to see.

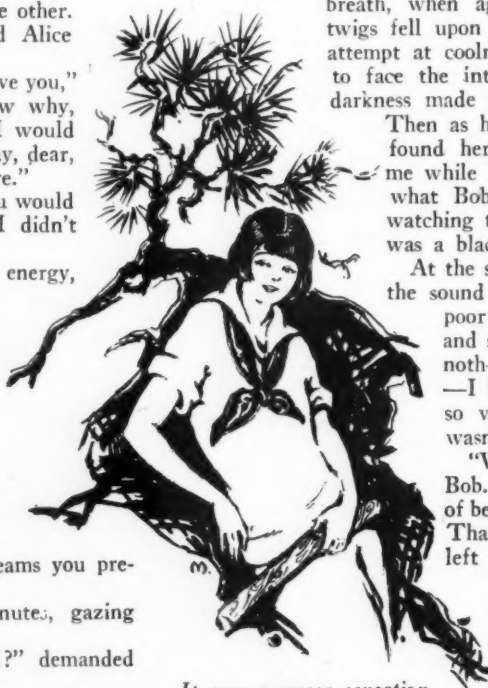
Then as her vision slowly cleared, she found herself confronted by—excuse me while I laugh! Which was exactly what Bob did. For there, curiously watching them with gentle brown eyes was a black and white cow.

At the sight of the mild invader and the sound of the other girls' laughter, poor Alice smiled rather weakly and said in a faltering voice, "It's noth—nothing but an old cow. I—I knew it couldn't be anything so very terrible. That's why I wasn't so very frightened."

"Well listen to that!" broke in Bob. "I'll be jiggered. To think of being afraid of an ordinary cow. That plaguey farmer must have left the bars down. What made the cow look like spooks, anyway?"

"Why I suppose that only the white part stood out", replied Mrs. Bradely.

When, the next day, the farmer was questioned, he shook his head and stroked his beard as though greatly perplexed. But Bob still declares that when he explained that he wasn't in the habit of forgetting a thing like putting up the bars, she distinctly saw him wink and grin to himself, as though he knew something he would not tell.



It was a queer sensation, that of knowing you were the only human being awake in those dark, somber woods.

Our Girl Scout "Little Home"

Where our Washington, D. C. Girl Scouts will keep house for us all

By MADGE WILLIAMS

ISN'T this house adorable? And wouldn't you like to knock with the knocker and walk in? Well, you may if you visit Washington for this is our own Girl Scout "Little Home" presented to us by the National Federation of Women's Clubs. The picture you see here was taken while it was still on the White House grounds and belonged to



This is our own "Little Home"

the Women's Clubs. After it had been given to us, it was moved to New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, where you will find it today and where Mrs. Coolidge laid the corner stone with—yes!—a copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL in the corner stone along with other valuable records about the Girl Scouts.

Walk in, Girl Scouts! Glance up the winding white stairway, its dark rail and dark-edged stairs. Come into the living room. Exclaim in delight over the fireplace. And look at the kitchen with its sink just the right height from the floor (so that we won't have to bend over the dishes!) See the white kitchen cabinet. Let's stay! And invite Mr. and Mrs. Hoover to a dinner we cook ourselves.

Yes, the Girl Scout "Little Home" is a real home and we are grateful for it. But how did the National Federation of Women's Clubs happen to have this attractive house to give us? And now that we have it, what are we going to do with it?

Our Girl Scout "Little Home" is part of a great plan called "Better Homes in America." Mr. Herbert Hoover, who is president of the directors, and the many other distinguished Americans working for "Better Homes" are doing so because they wish to see artistic, comfortable homes everywhere in America. The Girl Scout "Little Home" was built as part of this Better Home plan, to show people how such an artistic, comfortable home could be built at reasonable cost yet of the very best materials.

When Mr. Donn Barber, the well-known architect, started making plans for it, he decided that he could have no better model than the John Howard Payne Cottage, which is known as the home of "Home, Sweet Home" and which still stands in the lovely village of Easthampton, Long Island. So it has come about that our own "Little Home" was copied after the very house which inspired Mr. Payne to write "Home, Sweet Home" when he was in far-away Paris.

An interesting part of this great Better Homes plan is a Better Homes Demonstration week, to be held each

year in the spring. For this week, every town holding a demonstration "borrows" or builds a Better Home, furnishing it and inviting everyone to "come and see" the many splendid new home-making ideas.

This year, not only are the Girl Scouts going to take part in Better Homes demonstration weeks, we are going to have a Home-making Year carrying

out all sorts of fascinating plans which will be described in THE AMERICAN GIRL from month to month.

Those of us who have Scout houses or rooms will have homemaking demonstrations and exhibits in them to which we shall invite our mothers and fathers and other friends. Those of us who have not already such a home or room will try to think of some way in which we may obtain one. The Connecticut Captain who asked her father to lend the Scouts the empty room over their garage was a truly resourceful person. Next month's AMERICAN GIRL is going to tell you the story of how some Kansas Girl Scouts were able to secure and to furnish a cabin of their own.

And homemaking scrap books and posters! Has your troop made them? It is such fun! Last year, the Girl Scouts in Norfolk, Virginia made scrap books of their desired homes, arranging pictures of exteriors and interiors. These books were displayed in various stores in town. THE AMERICAN GIRL has invited the Norfolk Scouts to tell us all about these attractive scrap books of theirs.

To help in our fall Campaign which is to raise money for our new National Headquarters (see page 16), we shall have many store window homemaking exhibits. In Montour Falls, New York, the two largest window displays in connection with Better Homes Week were planned by the Girl Scouts. One was furnished as a dining room, the other as a kitchen. Labor saving devices (all kinds of electrical appliances) were demonstrated in the kitchen and a demonstration of the proper serving of a meal was given in the dining room by the girls.

As with everything we do, here is a friend waiting to help us in our homemaking year. His name is Dr. James Ford and he is the Executive Director of "Better Homes in America," 1653 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C. Dr. Ford will send your Captain detailed suggestions for planning a "Better Homes" demonstration in your town, if she will write to him. And to us who are Girl Scouts, he says, "In many communities, the Girl Scouts are buy-

(Continued on page 47)



Two Girl Scouts "listening in" on our Radio Troop's meeting

DO you believe in fairies? I can hear Girl Scouts everywhere laugh at this question as they admit that once they did, of course, but now—no, indeed! Scouts are much too grown-up for that sort of thing! Cinderella? A pretty story but who would ever believe that a girl could be all made over just by the waving of a wand? Aladdin? The very idea of merely touching a lamp and creating people and things out of nothing at all! I used to think that, too, but during the past year I have had some experience with twentieth century magic and I know that some fairy tales are true. Listen to the story of Scouting by radio and you will agree, I think, that Cinderella and Aladdin may be real, after all.

Last fall on a day that started out much like all other days, the postman brought to Girl Scout Headquarters in Pittsburgh a letter which was the first link in the chain of magic that ended with the Radio Troop. It was from Station KDKA of the Westinghouse Company, one of the greatest broadcasting centres in the world and it brought an invitation to broadcast Scouting to the girls of the United States. The facilities of the studio were ours to use but the method of presenting Scouting was left to us. We were delighted, of course, for what Scout does not welcome an opportunity to talk Scouting anywhere to any one who will listen! It was then that the idea of the Radio Troop came to us and that was the second link in the chain.

Did you ever see a radio broadcasting or the apparatus used? On the night when I first introduced the idea of a Radio Troop I was ushered into a large room without any windows, with its walls closely hung with draperies and padded so no sound could penetrate. This is the broadcasting room.

A few chairs stand around the walls, a piano, a table on which stands the complicated mechanism which connects the room with the outside world and in the middle of the room is a sort of tripod from which is suspended a strange object which resembles, more than anything else, the business end of a small cannon. A man steps in front of the tripod and speaks into the cannon's mouth, "Attention, Girl Scouts and girls who want to be Scouts. Mrs. Macdonald is going to tell you her plan for organizing a Girl Scout Troop by radio." And then it was my turn. I talked of Scouting—what it means to girls everywhere, what it can mean to girls who have not yet heard

Scouting by Radio

*Our Radio Captain tells
her thrilling story*

By

LAURA HOLLAND MACDONALD

Girl Scout Local Director, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

its call. I outlined my plan for a troop for isolated girls from end to end of our country and how we could enter the world of Scouting together and ended with instructions for getting in touch with Pittsburgh Girl Scout Headquarters for all girls interested in enrolling in a Radio Troop and an announcement of the Scout meeting for the next week.

Yet all the time I was talking I was still the Scout who did not believe in fairies or in magic. I was telling myself, "It's a good idea but will it work? Will the girls of Scout age be listening? Will they want Scouting enough to follow a voice to find it? Can they all hear such a message?" The very next day brought my answer. Aladdin's lamp never brought anything to life more speedily than my Radio Wizard created Scouts. Cinderella's slipper could never have changed her into another girl more rapidly. Would-be Scouts came alive from Maine to California, from Minnesota to Florida, in hundreds of cities and towns, farms, mines and ranches where Scouting had never before travelled. From Sun Prairie, Wisconsin, and Palmetto, Georgia; from Iron River, Michigan, and Oak Lawn, Rhode Island; from Grey-Eagle, West Virginia, and Corsica, South Dakota, plain, everyday girls woke up and found themselves Scouts, and their letters brought to Pittsburgh all the joy and all the thrill that the experience gave them.

So the Radio Troop became real. Five hundred girls enrolled in it; hundreds of girls already Scouts listened in; leaders gathered their troops together to attend the Radio Meetings as a group; Scout parents and neighbors joined the troop every now and then, and all of them wrote us about what fun a Radio Troop was, which made us very happy because we were enjoying it so much ourselves!

We decided from the very beginning that the Radio Troop should be as much like a regular Scout troop as possible. Scouts from forty States and Canada were called together with Scout whistle signals on our meeting night. Together we repeated our Promise and our Laws. Inspection was a matter of individual concern, each taking pride in reporting ready for inspection though she lived in Oklahoma and her Scout Captain in Pittsburgh! At our Business Meeting we differed from most regular troops I know in that the Captain had to do all the talking. There were always announcements to make; interesting suggestions and comments from Radio Scouts to be read to the troop, and other business from time to time, just as in any Scout meeting.

And then came the time for Scout work, for our Radio Troop started its Scout career just as your troop did with the learning of the Tenderfoot requirements and later on with second class work.

Why not a Folk Song Rally?

Philadelphia passes along a splendid plan

EVERY one is looking for good rally ideas. Here is one from Philadelphia—an International Folk Song Rally, which, as it was held last May, was really a song contest of the finest kind.

You can imagine how excited the Philadelphia Girl Scouts were for weeks beforehand, whenever they met together to rehearse the folk songs which their district was to sing at the rally. For each district was to sing two folk songs. And not only would the winning district have its name engraved upon the beautiful silver cup presented by the Philadelphia Music League—not only could the winners keep the cup for one year—they were to broadcast their songs over the radio!

The day of the rally arrived and at last the troops were assembled in the large auditorium of the Drexel Institute of Science and Industry. The choruses numbering from seventy-five to one hundred were seated in the front, with the guests behind. As each district's turn came, they rose and sang in their places to avoid moving such large numbers on and off the stage.

Beautiful melodies—Scotch, English, Italian, French and others—filled the long hall. The Guest of Honor, the wife of Pennsylvania's Governor, Mrs. Gifford Pinchot (who later awarded the Medals of Merit) exclaimed, "What beautiful singing!" The Judges, among whom were Mr. Albert N. Hoxie of the Boys' Week Committee and Miss Helen Ferris, Editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, after long consultation awarded the cup to District No. 8 who sang the Slavic songs. The picture on this page shows this district with their leader and Miss Julia Williamson, Philadelphia's Local Director, when the Slavic songs were broadcast over the radio.

How can you use Philadelphia's plan for your next rally? To help you, Miss Williamson has told us just how they did it. Remember, too, that the plan is a good one even though you have not so many Scouts as Philadelphia. Where Philadelphia had a contest by districts, you may have one by troops or even patrols, if your rally is held in a smaller room. When but a few girls sing together in a large hall, the effect is lost.

"Be prepared, start plenty of time in advance," says Miss Williamson. "This May rally was planned for in January. It was decided to have the contest by districts, since

the Philadelphia troops are grouped in that way.

"Eight nations were therefore chosen at this January meeting, since there were eight districts: Scotch, English, Irish, Slavic, Italian, Spanish, French and American. The district leaders then 'drew' for the nation whose songs each was to sing.

"The conditions of the contest were also announced in January. The two songs to take not more than five minutes. The chorus to be as large as desired. The judging to be on the basis of selection, tone, quality, enunciation, pronunciation, attack.

"Each district then selected its own songs. And whether or not these songs were well suited to chorus singing was one of the points by which they were judged under 'selection.'

"Each district chose a song leader who rehearsed the troops for the two songs selected. In a scattered district, the song leader visited every troop and had only one or two mass rehearsals. Districts not so scattered did not rehearse by troop but held weekly mass rehearsals. Rehearsals began in January, with the more intensive work starting the last part of March and through April, the contest being held the first week in May.

"We should also have had a clear understanding about the use of the piano in the contest," adds Miss Williamson. "Decide whether *all* songs shall be sung with the piano or all without, then hold to the rule."

Great charm was given to the rally when any district who wished, added a folk dance of their nation to the songs. The costumes for these dances were simple and inexpensive, none being more effective than the Irish costumes, made as follows: "The girls were dressed in white waists, green crepe paper skirts, black crepe paper waistcoats and white lawn aprons. For the 'boy' costumes, the girls wore their gym suits: white blouses, black bloomers, black ties, regular Oliver Twist suits,

to which were added little green crepe paper waistcoats. The only expense was the crepe paper which cost 75 cents." See page 47 for a picture of these costumes.

The songs included the following: *Scotch*: Blue Bells of Scotland, Loch Lomond, *English*: The Wid-dicome Faire, Raggle Taggle Gypsies, *Irish*: The Wearing of the Green, When Irish Eyes are Smiling, *Spanish*: La Paloma.



The winners of the Rally Contest, with Miss Williamson, broadcasting their Slavic songs

Become a Girl Scout Tree Finder

Send in your designs for this new badge

By BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY

Our Girl Scout Naturalist

HAVE you ever thought how much trees are like Girl Scouts? All kinds of girls are Girl Scouts—short and tall, slender and stocky, with light hair and dark. And here about us are trees of just as much variety in appearance.

But there is more to our similarity than these. Trees need food. So do we. Trees belong to families, each one showing the chief characteristics of its family but having, too, its own individuality. It is the same with us. Trees keep a diary of their history, giving us such facts as their age and suggestions as to such accidents as may have befallen them, the fires they have passed through, the seasons or the years of hard times and the good years they have had, the wounds they have received from time to time.

We, too, have a diary beside the one in which we write—the diary of our experiences which is written upon us. In our faces a keen observer may see the record of the years that have brought us happiness or difficult days. If an accident befalls us, it is apt to leave its record, such as a scar, just as similar records are left upon trees.

Girls change their style of dress, with the seasons. So, too, do the trees. But just as we keep certain features and size, that our friends may recognize us, so the trees reveal their identity to those who have become intimately acquainted with them.

Girl Scouts have always loved the trees. We have planted them in our parks, our school yards, our camps, with our Tree Ceremonies and our beautiful Tree Song by Leslie Varick Perkins. We have carefully put out our outdoor cooking fires, watchful lest we inadvertently start a forest fire. And everywhere we have enjoyed the trees.

Our New Tree Finder Requirements.

Now the time has come when each of us may become a Tree Finder, which really means that we shall become intimate friends with the trees, knowing them and their ways. And we have prepared a "Tree Finder" booklet



This lovely tree picture was sent in by Jean E. Gleichauf, Troop 5, Rochester, N. Y., in our Camera Contest.

Write Mrs. Cady

Care of "The American Girl"

Describe for her the interesting things you have seen outdoors among the flowers, birds, insects, ferns and trees. Each month, the best Nature observations sent in by Girl Scouts will be published in "The American Girl"

for you which you may obtain from our National Supply Department, see page 40.

But before you start upon your work at all, you will naturally wish to know what are the requirements for the badge. The following list of requirements is intended to give you not only a great deal of information about trees, but how to know the principal kinds of trees, how to render "first aid"

to them when they are in danger of destruction from accidents or from attacks of insects.

1. Know the parts of the tree.
2. Know twenty-five trees and shrubs when in leaf.
3. Know at least ten of these by leaf scars and bark.
4. Know something of the life history and life processes of trees.
5. Be able to read the age of a tree by its rings. Recent growth by the twigs.
6. Plant at least one tree that you have raised from the seed.
7. Demonstrate how trees should be pruned, trimmed, and breaks mended.
8. How trees are to be protected from insects and diseases.
9. Make a list of woods and their uses.
10. Know the best trees to plant in the streets, in small gardens and about the school.

In our new Tree Finder booklet, you will find ever so many fascinating suggestions about the way in which you may set to work upon these ten requirements.

Those of you who enjoy drawing will be interested in making a design for our new Tree Finder badge and submitting it to our National Standards Committee. Study the Merit badge designs in the Handbook. Think what the Tree Finder badge will mean to the Girl Scouts. If a sufficient number of good designs are sent to the National Standards Committee at National Headquarters, we shall publish the best of them in THE AMERICAN GIRL, and all the Girl Scouts will then vote for their choice as we did for our new Home Service badge.

Making Your Play a Success

How a troop did their own producing

By MABEL F. HOBBS

*Drama Consultant, Playground and Recreation Association
of America*

THIS is the story of a Girl Scout troop who not only gave a play but took charge of the production themselves. One of the girls designed the costumes. Others were responsible for the properties. Two others trained the performers in the folk dances and "antics." And as a climax to their work, they were invited by Mrs. Rippin to give the play at Camp Andrée before the leaders who took a Girl Scout Training Course there in June.

But to begin at the beginning of my story—with the Girl Scouts, themselves. The cast was composed of members of Girl Scout Troop No. 163, Manhattan, organized in the Church of the Ascension. The girls who played the adult parts started in their dramatics with me when they were Brownies and have been loyal Girl Scouts year after year until two of them have become lieutenants and one a Brownie Wise Owl.

The play which they selected is one which I heartily recommend for the Girl Scouts. It is *The Peddler of Hearts* by Gertrude Knevels, published by Walter Baker and Co., 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass. (Price 25c). This is a full evening play including young people from the age of nine to twenty years. There are twenty-one speaking parts and at least ten extras. The elves and the children may be played by the Brownies, as they were at Camp Andrée.

The plot is a thrilling one. The wicked elves who live near the village of Herzimwald, have threatened to ruin the Mortals who have dared build within the borders of their home. The happiest day of the year, the one on which the beautiful daughter of the Burgomaster is betrothed to the Prince, the Elf-King disguised as a Peddler of Hearts comes to the market place and tricks the people into giving up their good, wholesome hearts for gilded baubles which he sells them. The Goose-Girl, the only Villager who has kept her heart, courageously goes into the heart of the forest and through her bravery and the bravery of Rudolf, the bag containing the hearts of the villagers is rescued and the people of Herzimwald are happy once more.

The way in which this Manhattan troop worked upon this play is the way in which your troop may make your play a success, this fall. They divided what was necessary to be done. One girl, who is studying art, made the designs for the costumes. The Girl Scouts themselves did the necessary sewing.

The girl who delightfully portrayed young Rudolf directed the Brownies' "Elfin Antics." Every one at Camp Andrée exclaimed "How adorable!" over those Brownies. Many of you learned folk dances in your camps during the summer. You will be valuable aides when folk dances are used in your plays. In this play,



*"The Peddler of Hearts" presented by Girl Scouts at
Camp Andrée*

the girl who took the part of the Jolly Baker directed her group in the folk dances.

The girls greatly enjoyed assembling the necessary properties, each girl being responsible for her own. The Cobbler had a real last and a leather apron. The butcher and his wife took great pleasure in supplying wienies to hang around their booth—which were eaten promptly at the close of the curtain and were not available for the next performance. The baker and his wife provided cakes and long loaves of bread, the candle-stick maker candles and decorations.

The play was first given in the church Guild Hall and was repeated at Camp Andrée for the Girl Scout leaders. Mrs. Rippin invited the cast because she is proud of what the Girl Scouts can do for themselves in producing a play.

Do not think, however, that the play was put on without a Director. The rehearsals were in my charge. And I urge every troop to secure some one who understands play production to direct the work. Miss Norma Thompson, as the girls' leader in the Church of the Ascension, had charge of the music and was responsible for the remarkable cooperation which every one gave us.

But the troop members did all the work on the play which they were able to do. Each girl was given the tasks for which she had special ability. Girls can—and do—design costumes, discover materials in attic trunks, dye the materials at small cost and make their own costumes. THE AMERICAN GIRL is soon to have suggestions for dyeing. Girls can—and do—help with the actual rehearsals, come promptly and do all that they can to make their play a success.

NOTE: Mrs. Hobbs will suggest plays for your troop to give if you will write her care of Community Service, 315 4th Ave., New York City. Tell her, when you write, the kind of play you wish to give, how long you wish it to take, how many you wish to have in the cast, giving range of ages. Also tell Mrs. Hobbs whether or not you have produced plays before, what they were, and the kind of stage you have. If you do this, she will be better able to help you. She has also prepared a list of plays for High School Girls, price 10c.



"Baby Peggy," the biggest little star in the world, was made a Brownie when she arrived in New York

A regional thank-you
To Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, District of Columbia

TO the Commissioners, Officers Local Directors and the Girl Scouts in these states, *THE AMERICAN GIRL* extends heartfelt thanks for their help in this issue of our Scout magazine.

A summer bargain
"The American Girl"

Haven't you spent ten cents for candy since the beginning of summer? And haven't your Scout friends had as many as five sodas? Just think, they may subscribe to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, five months for fifty cents! Five sodas. Five bags of candy. Won't *THE AMERICAN GIRL* bring far more enjoyment in five months than mere sodas and candy? Many girls are so certain of it that they have taken their summer spending money and have sent in their Get-Acquainted subscriptions. This offer is still open to all girls who have never before taken our magazine. Tell all your friends about this plan. Speak to your Camp Director or your Captain about it. Be our little Radio wherever you are, bringing our good news!

A wild flower meeting
Scranton, Pennsylvania

When Miss Louise Price, our National Camp Director, was in our Scranton Girl Scout Camp with Pennsylvania Leaders, they together planned a most picturesque out-of-door Scout meeting, using the wild flower promise published in the July *AMERICAN GIRL* as the opening of the meeting instead of the promise and the laws. Next they sang our *Tree Song*. Of what happened then, Miss Price writes.

"We next showed each other interesting Nature specimens which we had

gathered carefully lest we violate the Scout ideals of conservation. Then there followed a trip around a cranberry bog and out by skiff through a sphagnum bog to see pitcher plants and other rare marsh things. All of these were on a bit of land belonging to a farmer who lives about three quarters of a mile from Scranton's camp and who is head of the Pennsylvania State Wild Flower Society. He is one more of our good Scout neighbors."

A picturesque Girl Scout Tea House

Washington, D. C.

Look at the picture of the quaint Old Pierce Mill on our Picture Spread. Then look at the interesting interior of the same old mill on the next page. Yes, this is a Girl Scout Tea House, managed under the supervision of the Washington Girl Scout Council. Can you not see the water rushing over the dam in the one picture? And the old mill stones in the other? Here is a description of this lovely tea house, sent us by a Washington Girl Scout.

"Should you be in Rock Creek Park and suddenly feel the desire for a bite of something to eat, you could not do better than to stop at Old Pierce Mill Tea House. Situated as it is in one of the loveliest spots in the Park, tree-shadowed and within close hearing of the enchanting gurgle and rush and roar of Rock Creek as it tumbles over the dam, one finds that Pierce Mill affords delightful refreshment to the soul as well as to the body.

"The Tea House is loaned rent free by the Government to the Girl Scout Association of Wash-

Girl Scout News

Broadcast

SCRIBES

ington and is one of the two sources of support of the Washington Girl Scout Association. The Tea House is in immediate charge of a manager who works in cooperation with a committee of members of the Girl Scout Council. In the summer time, guests are served in the garden beyond the Tea House as well as indoors. Delicious lunches and dinners, too, are served at a nominal price and one need only to enjoy one meal there to be eager for another. Try it yourself and see if you don't think so, too."

A brave radio member

In White Plains, New York

In the same mail which brought to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* Mrs. Macdonald's interesting account of her Radio Troop (see page 20), Mrs. Charles G. Webster, Honorary Commissioner of White Plains, New York sent us this story of a brave Girl Scout who is an enthusiastic member of Mrs. Webster's troop. With Bernice's story came a poem of hers and we are giving you both because they have in them true Scouting spirit.

"This poem was written by Bernice Knox, a White Plains Girl Scout who, eight months ago, was confronted with the life of a shut-in, encased in a plaster cast because of curvature of the spine. The radio meetings conducted by Miss Laura Holland of Pittsburgh were one of her chief interests. Now that Bernice is unable to take part in



A new idea for a stretcher. We shall publish complete directions soon

"on the Air"

through our

CORNER

Scout activities, she is eager to help other girls with their Tenderfoot work. This is a poem which she has written since her illness."

A Scout of Every One's Choosing

By Bernice Knox

It's easy to fight when everything's right
And you're sure of honor and name.
It's easy to cheer when victory's near
Your sister in fields of fame.
It's a different song when everything's
wrong
When you're feeling sure of despair,
When it's ten against one and hope
there is none:
Remember you're a Scout, take care.

And so in the strife of the battle of
life
It's easy to fight when you're win-
ning
It's easy to fight when you're win-
brave
When the dawn of success is begin-
ning.
But the Scout who can meet despair
and defeat
With a cheer, there's a Scout of
every one's choosing,
The Scout who can fight to Heaven's
own height
Is the Scout who can fight when she's
losing.



Richmond, Virginia Girl Scouts help make Sousa's Richmond concert a success by folding programs

"P. S. We made over \$100.00"

Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania

Yes, that is the "P. S." to the letter written us by Margaret Pickett, 11 years old, Secretary of Troop 4. This is her story about "May Day of Rosemary Castle" a picture of which you will find upon our Picture Spread.

"We gave 'May Day in Rosemary Castle' to raise money to send the Scouts

to camp. In Act I, the princess was seated with the little prince and princess. The ladies in waiting planned to have some plays in honor of the May because everything was so sad on account of the castle being besieged. This is where the Raggle Taggle Gypsies come to the castle. In Act II, the plays acted were: Ye Cornish May Dancers. Ye Merry Dancing Page, Ye Little Court Jester, Ye Raggle Taggle Gypsies who stole the little princess Ye Old Scottish Ballad.

"The rest of the play is about the search for the little princess and her rescue by Freeta the forest fairy. The prince saves the castle too, and in the end there was a Maypole dance.

"P. S. We made over \$100.

Where every Girl Scout takes part

Washington, D. C.

Soon we shall all be making our plans for fall programs. What are the best programs? The Girl Scouts of Washington, D. C. think those plans are best which "develop all-round Scouts and do not too much emphasize one side of Scouting." Miss Catherine Wilkinson, Chairman of the Washington Activities Committee, has written us the following interesting letter concerning their last winter's program.

"To avoid emphasizing one side of Scouting too much, we developed the idea of the Inter-troop Contest and to its winner was given the cup. This contest went on all winter and covered a great many subjects. All honors were given to the troop; none to the individual girls. There were no prizes except banners and ribbons and the honor of having the troop number on the cup.

"We held contests in dressed dolls, in darning, in samples of custards and biscuits and cooked spinach. We had a First Aid competition, each troop sending up four girls to receive a description of an imaginary accident and to treat one of their girls as though she were suffering from such an accident. To make sure that every girl should be in at least



Two Scouts enjoying Ye Ole Pierce Mill Tea Room with the old millstones to the right

one event, we had the troops form circles and each girl tie the same knot to see which could finish all its knots first.

"We asked the troops to send in collections of twigs of trees and of Nature photographs. One troop sent in a collection of about one hundred twigs, all labeled and mounted on a big sheet of cardboard. Our last contests were at our Field Meet and were all athletic events except one Signaling race for Second Class Scouts only."

Worthwhile good turns

Norfolk, Virginia

In Norfolk, Virginia, the members of Red Rose Troop sew for the Day Nursery. From March 17th to May 15th, the Girl Scouts of Norfolk and Portsmouth did 3,599 hours of Community Service. This service included entertaining children, sewing for needy agencies, hospital service, school and church service and cultivating public vegetable and flower gardens.

Adopted by the Elks

Bradford, Pennsylvania

The local lodge of The Elks in Bradford, Pennsylvania has officially adopted the work of the Girl Scouts. This means not only their interest but their active financial help.



Lively Troop 42 in Washington, D. C.—we hope they are all subscribers!

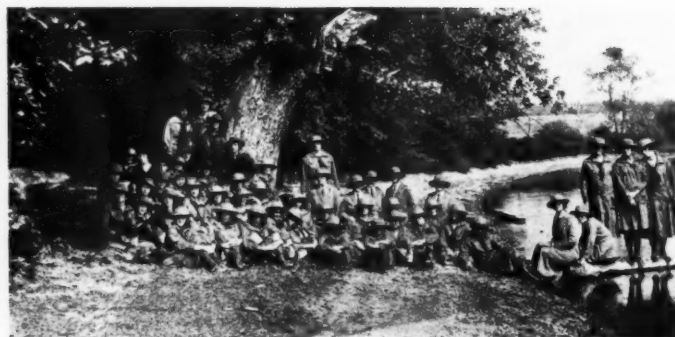
Yes, Come Along

Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia,
of Columbia, Where Scouts
and Country, in the Mountains



ABOVE—Girl Scouts who live away from the ocean will envy these Norfolk, Va. Girl Scouts their sea nature study, to wit crabs

RIGHT—Our Pittsburgh, Pa. girls on an overnight hike, illustrating our Scout custom of wisdom to carry no packs of over ten pounds' weight



ABOVE—Look them over—yes, every one in uniform, every one a Girl Scout and proud of it in Bradford, Pa.

ABOVE—Is it reveille, mess or taps for our Hazelton, Pa. girls? Well, we know they answered because Scouts do



RIGHT — Did these Scouts make the lanterns clear and bright in our Harrisburgh, Pa. camp? They did!



BELOW—Star ab
Scranton, Pa. gi
flashlights, a re
maps, a first to
ways to the lan
this star pa

ong Girl Scouts, To

nia, Virginia, and the District
Scouting Flourishes in Town
e Mountains and by the Sea



LEFT—This lovely old mill is our Washington, D. C. Scouts' tea house, the interior of which you will find in the Scribes' Corner



ABOVE—Can't you fairly hear the light, tripping little tune which was played for this dance of our Meadville, Pa. Girl Scouts?



ABOVE—The youngest girl in our Baltimore, Md. camp, sent us because she shows how much all the girls enjoy themselves there



ABOVE — She was Queen of the May in our Philipsburg, Pa. pageant with a crown of May's loveliest blossoms



LEFT—These raggle taggle gypsies helped our Wilkesbarre, Pa. Scouts to earn their much desired camp fund, oh!

What Caroline Could Do

(Continued from page 12)

But she didn't. She was too afraid of what he would say to her. Caroline had always been afraid of her father.

"Stay right where you are," she knew he would reply by return mail. "And don't be a child. What's the matter with that college, anyway? It was good enough for your aunt. Why isn't it good enough for you?"

Yes, that was what her father would say, if she wrote him.

Second semester was not quite so difficult for Caroline because she found Dorothy Priory. Knowing Dorothy helped. The shy girl who like herself did not easily make friends, seemed as pleased to have found Caroline as Caroline to have discovered her. Together, they went to the basketball games, class meetings, or off for hikes, 'cross country.

And Dorothy knew what Caroline could do, for they were soon having cozy Sunday morning breakfasts over the electric grill which Dorothy's mother had sent her.

One afternoon, in the spring, Dorothy brought a snapshot to Caroline. "My cousin in California," she explained. "She's the third one from the end."

Caroline bent over the picture. "Why, they're all wearing cooking aprons and caps!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, that's why I wanted you to see it. My cousin's always been just like you, Caroline. Crazy over cooking. So now she is taking some kind of course where you learn to run tea rooms and places like that."

Caroline's voice was husky, "I didn't know you could study that in school."

Dorothy pulled a letter from her pocket. "Goodness, yes. Didn't your domestic science teacher at school tell you?"

"I never had one."

"That's funny. I thought you did. Here's what my cousin says about what she's doing."

Caroline read the letter. It was full of a visit which the cousin had made with her classmates to the kitchen and serving rooms of the largest restaurant in that part of the country. Caroline's eyes were wide as she returned the letter to Dorothy.

"Is it in California, too?" she asked, in a tight voice.

"What, the college? Yes."

Thud! The heavy lump settled down inside Caroline—California! For a minute, she had imagined herself at that other college. But California. Her father would never allow her to go there. Even if he said she might change, which he probably wouldn't, California was impossible.

Alone in her room, late that afternoon, Caroline watched the sun sink behind distant hills. This college was all right for most of the girls. They loved it and they seemed to enjoy what they studied, too. But she didn't. But before today, she hadn't known of any other place that seemed any better. Now she did. Dorothy's cousin's college. In California.

Caroline said no more to Dorothy about the California college. What was

there to say, when she knew her father would not allow her to change? But she did not forget. All through the following summer vacation, the thought would come jumping back into her mind: How happy she would be if she could be learning what Dorothy's cousin was.

At last, the time came for her to pack and return to her own college. One afternoon, when Caroline thought her mother away upon a call, she opened the trunk and started to pack. Gradually, she worked more and more slowly until, at last, she wasn't packing at all. She was sitting upon the floor, her head against the lock, crying.

"Why, Caroline dearest, what is the matter?" It was her mother, who hadn't gone out, after all, "Why, sweetheart!"

Between sobs Caroline told her mother the story—of the lonely days, of the studies which seemed bewildering to her. And, at the last, of the California college Dorothy's cousin had found, and what the girls did, there.

Mrs. Mead brushed the yellow hair back from Caroline's white forehead. "You don't have to go back, Caroline dear."

"Father'll make me," sobbed Caroline, "and what would I do if I didn't go?"

Above the yellow hair, Mrs. Mead's lips tightened. "No," she said and her voice sounded so strange that Caroline lifted her head and looked at her mother through the mist of tears.

"No," repeated Mrs. Mead, "you are not going back to be unhappy."

"C-could I go to California, then?" hic-coughed Caroline.

Mrs. Mead shook her head. "I'm afraid not, dear, the railroad fare alone would be pretty expensive. But, there, don't worry about that, now. Pick up your things and run over to see Margaret. By the time you come home, I'll have thought of something. You see!"

Returning from Margaret's, Caroline met her mother coming from the opposite direction.

"Where have you been, mother?"

"To see Mr. Hager, telling him about you and asking him whether there isn't some college near by which is like the one in California."

"What did he say?"

"He says there is. He is only sorry we didn't ask him before. Tonight, I'm going to send a special delivery letter for the catalogue of this other college. And then —" Mrs. Mead paused.

"Then will father let me go to it?" Caroline asked, anxiously.

Mrs. Mead sighed, then threw back her head. "You shall go, Caroline," she replied.

Even today, Caroline does not like to think of the unhappy days that followed before her father gave his consent. Left to herself, rather than incur her father's displeasure, Caroline would have returned to the first college. But Mrs. Mead refused to remain quiet.

It was Mrs. Mead who first mentioned the matter to Mr. Mead. It was Mrs. Mead who replied to Mr. Mead's many objections. In the end, it was Mrs. Mead who said, "Caroline is going where she can study home economics. If you

aren't interested in helping her, I shall do so."

To which Mr. Mead retorted, "Oh, all right. Go ahead. Only leave me in peace."

Caroline started to speak. But Mrs. Mead, holding one finger against her lips, beckoned to her daughter.

"That's enough," she whispered, in the hall, "he'll be happier about it in a few days. And try to remember this, Caroline: he *did* say 'yes' in the end."

Caroline walked upstairs with her arm around her mother's waist.

"You're going to have the chance I never did," said Mrs. Mead, as she kissed her daughter good night.

That was all. Spoken in that same strange tone her mother had used the day she said, "You shall *not* have to go where you are unhappy." Caroline wanted to ask her mother just what she meant. But she didn't. Something in the expression upon her mother's face kept her from it. Instead, when she was alone in her room, she leaned toward her mirror and whispered, "I'll never say a word to mother, if I hate the new place. I'll stick it out, even if it's worse than last year."

Six months later, Caroline was smiling merrily whenever she thought of this solemn resolve. Leave the new college? Give up her course in home economics? Not she!

It hadn't been the easiest thing in the world, changing colleges. There had been extra work to be done, if she wished to be a Sophomore. And all the girls had been strangers to her, here, too.

But it was different, Caroline decided. It was easier to become acquainted, when she was busy before a small stove and all the girls around her were busy at *their* small stoves. Then, having become acquainted with them at their stoves, when she met them in other classes, she knew them just the same!

But the new friends were not all that Caroline enjoyed. She had not known that classes could be so interesting. In the other classes, she had not been able to find any reason for studying. Here, everything seemed to be a fascinating part of what she had always loved doing—her beloved cooking. Hygiene and physiology at the first college had been so dull! Here, she clearly saw that one must know about the body in order to know what foods were needed in order to be strong and well. And being strong and well really is hygiene. So there she was, in a regular House that Jack built!

In another class, she and the girls and the teacher helped plan menus for the college cafeteria. As they worked, many of the girls said that they hoped to be in charge of cafeterias or lunch rooms, after they had completed their course. Others liked best the class in which they studied about special foods for sick people. These girls wished to become hospital dietitians, Caroline noticed.

Busy with work that she loved, Caroline forgot to be shy. Not that she ever became talkative or vivacious. Yet as the second and third college years passed, she was no longer painfully self-conscious when she was with people. And each

(Continued on page 42)

Troop subscriptions have been abolished—subscribe individually

When Prudence Drove the Car

(Continued from page 9)

"There's a bad storm coming," she told them. "Don't you think we'd better be getting home, father? Suppose I take the big car and drop the girls in town while you drive Mr. Taft up in the roadster? I'll be there nearly as soon as you are."

When Prudence arrived at Eagle's Nest, the two men were already there. The storm had broken and the rain was falling in sheets. To avoid a drenching, she did not put the car in the garage, but drove to the east door and made a dash for the house.

Her father came out to the kitchen immediately. "What delayed you, daughter? I was beginning to get anxious."

"The car bothered about starting," she answered.

"Where is Delia?"

"I let her go to town this afternoon and now there's no chance of her getting back to get the dinner. I don't mind, though; I'd rather get the dinner than to sit still and think."

She went to him and put her hands on his shoulders and looked sorrowfully into his eyes. "I've dished you, haven't I, daddy?"

"Don't you worry, chick. Some storm, isn't it? Anything I can do?"

"Just hold the wild beast at bay while I get him some meat," she smiled tearfully. "And I hope he chokes," she added with her old vigor.

It was an excellent dinner and Prudence in a soft frock made a pretty picture opposite her father, her gray eyes glowing with inward excitement, the color riding high in her cheeks. Mr. Thorpe was proud of her poise and frequently sent her a heartening smile.

The storm had been almost continuous since their arrival and its fury increased as they rose from the table. All three went to the windows to watch it.

"There'll be a lot of damage in the valley," remarked Mr. Thorpe. "They are getting the brunt of it down there. Hear the creek roar?"

The telephone finally shrilled and Prudence, relieved at the familiar note in the confusion of the elements, sprang to answer it.

There was difficulty with the connection and it was an appreciable time before she could get the message. Then, "Yes, Mr. Taft is here; he will speak to you." She relinquished the receiver to their guest. A moment later, Mr. Taft joined the others and the hand that held his watch shook.

"You can get a taxi quicker than I can," he said. "I've got to get to the junction. That's the quickest way to get home to Harchester, isn't it? There's been an automobile accident. My wife. . . She's in the hospital. . . They think. . ."

Mr. Thorpe was consulting his own watch. "You'll gain nothing by going up to the junction, Mr. Taft. Besides, I doubt if you could get a taxi to head into this storm. Your train leaves Haverly in fifty minutes. Better wait for it."

"I suppose you are right," Mr. Taft's fingers were beating a nervous tattoo on the window sill. "I wish you would call a taxi, though; I'll feel better when I'm on my way."

"I'll drive you down," Prudence offered sympathetically.

"Get me a taxi," he repeated sternly. "This is no time to depend on a girl's driving."

Prudence returned to the telephone and again had trouble with the connection. Mr. Taft had followed her and stood watching her in frenzied impatience till she began to speak.

"Is this the Ideal? We want a taxi at Eagle's Nest at once. . . It has! Well, a way must be found—a foot bridge or something. . . I don't care if it is a raging torrent. . . The president of the Amalgamated must get

telephone went dead in Prudence's hand and except for the lightning which illuminated the room with its weird glare, they were in darkness.

Matches were struck and candles lighted while Prudence explained. "The bridge over the creek is out and the nine-fifty train is held up the valley by a washout."

"Trapped!" groaned Mr. Taft.

"Indeed you're not trapped, Mr. Taft," Prudence said resolutely. "The road over the mountain is passable. In five minutes I'll be ready to drive you over."

"Not so fast, daughter," advised Mr. Thorpe. "I'll drive Mr. Taft over."

"Don't be ridiculous, dear. As a driver, you mean well, but you're a cheerful incompetent. The road is perfectly safe since they put it in condition for the detour last year and I know every inch of it. In the little car I can get Mr. Taft to Hartland in time for the eleven o'clock train over the Central. You can't and you know you can't."

He was afraid she was right but he could not endure the thought of his daughter driving over a mountainous, storm-whipped road without him.

"I can try," he said. "But better still, let us take the big car and all go. In that case you can do the driving."

"Blessed, I don't think the heavy car could get over the mountain tonight."

"Then I will take the roadster," he said with decision.

"Oh," she began impatiently, "I'll try the trip with the heavy car, then. It's a long chance to take, but it's the only one since you're so stubborn. Go out and start it while I run up and change."

Mr. Taft had said nothing during the conference; had merely paced the floor, watch in hand, his face working.

In a short time, Prudence was down, clad in knickerbockers, her short curls tucked under a close hat. "I'll just see if everything is all right before I put out these candles," she said to Mr. Taft as she started for the side door. "I'll let you know when we're ready, Mr. Taft."

Her father was climbing out of the car when she reached it. "It won't start," he told her.

"Let me try," she said, getting behind the wheel. She worked patiently but ineffectually for five minutes. Then she got out and, torch in hand, she lifted the hood and peered knowingly inside.

"The motor is wet," she said, "and it's possible that water has gotten into the carburetor. Or it may be just a weak battery. I think we'd best try cranking it, father."

They did, alternately, but without

(Continued on page 32)



She designs lovely dresses

Her name is Miss Ethel Trap-hagen and she has won many prizes for her designs.

In October

She is going to tell us how when she was a girl her father lost his money and what she did then.

across. . . Oh, for goodness's sake! Isn't there some one there with authority? Mr. Strange is, you say? Put him on, please. Mr. Strange? You're a street commissioner, Mr. Strange. Prudence Thorpe is speaking. We have to get across the creek to catch the nine-fifty train. *Have to! Understand? Wh-at?*"

There came a flash and a crash so close as to seem instantaneous. The

Watch for that football cover

Celia Goes to the Game

By ALICE ALDUS

CELIA CROWLEY walked listlessly down the elm-shaded street, her school books hanging heavy from their strap. She was discouraged. The Academy, that land of dreams, was not going to be fun after all. It was no fun to be poor and dull and drab and shabby in dress before the classmates you liked best.

There was Marion Tracy. How Celia loved to look at her! And how she envied her! She was beautiful, with the clear fresh coloring of health and exercise, with even, gleaming teeth, lustrous hair and fair complexion. But—Marion had something else, the poise that comes to a girl who wears beautiful things that become her.

Dull listless clothes did make one dull and listless and *shy*. That was why she had seemed so awkward to Ted Creighton who always sharpened her pencil for her in the intermission before history.

And now that the football season was opening it would be even worse. Marion had been making plans that included her. She had told her how wonderfully Ted played. She couldn't go, not with Marion's crowd. But how she'd love it! In her mind's eye she saw herself as she'd like to be, charming and colorful, with all the little knick-knacks girls desire. She wanted most a lovely scarf of purple, Eaton's colors.

But she couldn't go to football games—not in her last fall's clothes. Her mind's eye marched them before her. The little black felt hat, the navy coat, the pale blue crepe de chine that had been her party dress. All good cut and good materials, because her mother knew it was cheaper for poor people to buy good materials. But serviceable, serviceable, serviceable! Rebelliously she thought, "I want un-serviceable clothes, cream puff dresses and dragon fly hats that live only for a day! I want color, lovely glowing color. And purple to bring out the blue in my eyes! I want every gust of the October breeze to flutter my purple scarf for my Eaton's team on the



"Little cakes of soap"

gridiron below—and on Ted—my friend. But what's the use?" She wrenched her thoughts away and picked up her mother's magazine that was lying on the table by the door.

The first football game! Marion was already in the bleachers and waiting for Celia who at last had consented to go.

Why was Celia not in sight? Marion scanned the throngs of eager young people. Pennants, flags, gay hats and scarfs; the bright colors of youth. But none so bright and lovely as the purple scarf on a jaunty little figure that advanced confidently and gayly towards Marion. Could it be . . .? Yes, it was Celia.

After the game, which Ted Creighton had won for Eaton in the last minute of play, Marion and Celia swung eagerly up the road together towards town, and as they walked they talked, heads together eagerly and interestingly. "Celia, you look so lovely," said Marion. Celia felt her heart leap. "It isn't me, it's Sunset, Marion," she said.

"Sunset?" Marion's tone was incredulous.

"Yes, Sunset Dyes. They look like little cakes of soap, and yet all the magic of glorious color is in them. But let me tell you. I came home after school one day, discouraged and lonesome. I pulled my winter things from my closet and looked at them in disgust. I hung them in the yard and then, trying to forget them, I picked up a

magazine of mother's.

"I was flipping the pages dully, when some words caught my eye, 'You, too, can have lovely color in your clothes.' I stopped and read, and then I put the book aside and thought. I planned my wardrobe, and then I acted. I went out and bought two

cakes of Sunset Soap Dye.

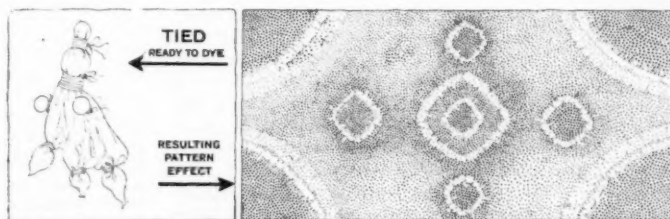
"I had my mind set on a purple scarf, tie dyed the Eaton colors. So I got a piece of cotton crepe first to practise on and tied it with string, as the Sunset instruction sheet directed. I could hardly wait to take it out and cut the string. Marion, though cheap cotton, it was beautiful. I knew I could have my scarf. I had already dug up a piece of silk left from that blue crepe de chine. Yes, this is it." Celia touched her scarf lovingly. "And a smaller piece made this solid purple hat band and patterned handkerchief. And then I *knew* where my fall dress was coming from. Yes, that old, dowdy pale blue crepe de chine is this beige creation I'm wearing now.

"And then—But you must come over to my house next week. I've dyed my Scout uniform and it looks like new. And, Marion, it's such fun. I'm going to ask Miss Harlow, our Captain, to let us make dyeing a troop activity this fall. Oh, I feel that I've found something lovely—It's color. . . because with Sunset it costs such a trifle.

That night Celia lovingly folded the purple scarf. For Ted Creighton had said as he gingerly picked up one corner of it after the game, "Do you know, Celia, I saw it fluttering from the edge of the grandstand, and it seemed to me Eaton's colors and that I *must* win for them."

You can do what Celia did

You, too, can make your fall wardrobe with Sunset Soap Dyes. Full instructions come with each package. We shall be glad to send directions for mixing unusual and fashionable colors, tie-dyeing on request. If you have any dyeing problems write to us. We shall be glad to help you out. Address: HOME SERVICE BUREAU, North American Dye Corporation, Mount Vernon, N. Y.



This is how Celia tied her scarf for dyeing—and a section of the finished scarf

When Prudence Drove the Car

(Continued from page 30)

success. Finally, Mr. Thorpe, panting a little from the exertion, straightened himself.

"I'll try once more," he decided, "and if it doesn't start, I'll get the roadster."

Prudence stood very tense while he bent to his task again. No results. "It looks," he said, "as though this had been decided for us, daughter. Want to run the roadster out for me? And when we have gone, lock the house and go to bed. You aren't afraid, dear?"

"No, daddy. And we certainly have no more time to waste with this balky beast."

"I'll stay the night in Hartland and get back by train in the morning if possible; otherwise, I'll drive back."

"You're an optimist," she said gloomily. "You'll never make Hartland tonight."

He stooped to disengage the crank and there came to Prudence's ears the sound of breaking glass and she leaned forward excitedly as he straightened up.

"My glasses, Prue!" he exclaimed, "they're smashed. Now what shall I do?"

"Where are your spare ones?"

"In my desk at the office," he groaned.

"Then," she said, "I think that the ayes have it and I win."

"I can't permit it, Prudence."

"Daddy, the roadster won't hold three; you can't drive it, being as helpless as an infant without your glasses. Then either I drive Mr. Taft over the mountain or you hold him here while his wife, perhaps, is dying. It is for you to decide which course we take."

He hesitated for only a moment. "You win," he admitted then, "but, oh, Prudence, be careful!"

She clung to him an instant in the dark and the storm.

"Blessed, I'll use every ounce of skill I have. I'll stay in Hartland till morning. We've got to hurry now."

She merely leaned out and kissed him when they were ready to start. Then she turned the car so that the headlights guided him into the house and, waiting till he was safe inside, she drove out into the night.

She had hoped that the storm, centering as it had in the valley, would have left the mountain road undamaged, but she had not gone far before that hope was dissipated. The rain which was still falling in sheets had gullied the road bed and bared boulders and only the most skillful driving would take them over without accident that would at least delay them till hope of making the train was gone.

Every atom of her mental energy was centered on her task. Once, in

spite of her, it slipped with sickening finality into a weedy ditch and she groaned a little as she felt it settle.

She tried to pull out—gently, so that the revolving wheels might not dig deeper into the sodden ground—but the car was immovable. More gas. . . The wheels spun madly but did not hold.

Torch in hand, she got out to investigate. By the sides of the road were piles of brush that had been cut when the road was worked. Tugging at it with all her strength, she dragged masses of it to the car and, by tearing away the weeds, she was able to pack the solid substance under her wheels.

Back in the car, she started it cautiously. Useless. Then, in despair, she gave the motor all the gas it would take for a final trial. The wheels caught; the car moved a few inches—and paused. She tried again. Again the wheels held and, with a roar and a burst of smoke from the exhaust, she was up in the road. Twenty minutes wasted!

She felt the stiffened body at her side relax. "I'd have helped if I could," he said coldly.

"No good unless you know how," she answered. "I've pulled out of holes before."

Once one side of the car slipped into a gully in the road but the wheels, being on solid rock, held. For nearly a mile she barely moved, one side of the car tilted crazily. More time wasted. But at last, without serious mishap, they were atop the mountain. Prudence's arms ached and her eyes, wearied from straining at the road, felt like balls of fire. She got out to fill the radiator from the rusty can at the spring. The storm had abated or they were above it. Within an hour the moon would be out.

She approached the side of the car where sat the silent man. He watched her come. She was, he thought bitterly, an opportunist, grasping the time and the place. As she put her hands on the door, he braced himself for what was coming.

He had known at Eagle's Nest that she had read his unfavorable decision in regard to her father and had resented it. And she was no fool—any one could see that. The cards were in her hands and she knew it. He had had too many men in his power not to know the working of her mind. His own was alert as she began to speak.

"I have had to drive mostly by the touch system," she was saying pleasantly, "and I have shaken you up abominably."

He made an inarticulate sound. Why did she not get her bargaining over? He wanted to be on his way.

"I am afraid we have lost that train," she went on, "but I will do my best and it may be late. Please try not to worry. If we can't make it, I'll run you into Harchester in record time."

But—the train swept around a curve and out of sight as they were entering Hartland.

"Never mind," said Prudence in her warm voice, "I'll get you there nearly as soon."

She swung up to the railroad station across from which was an open garage. "You will want to telephone," she said, "and you can do it while I am getting gas."

Suddenly he felt weak and helpless and sick. "I can't," he admitted. "I'm—afraid. Would you—?"

"Why, of course!" It seemed an hour before he heard the clip-clop of her rubber-soled shoes and he dared not look up.

"It's splendid news!" she sang out, and he lifted his eyes to her radiant face. "It isn't as serious as they feared and they anticipate no complications. Now for gas and then I will show you that a girl can drive!"

"I guess you've already demonstrated that." Mr. Taft rose in his seat. He was stiff and tired and his mind was numb; but not too numb for happiness—and gratitude.

"Go get your gas," he ordered, and limped off in the direction of the waiting room.

"He wants to verify my report," she thought.

When he joined her, a few minutes later, she was already in the car with the motor running.

"Sorry for the delay," he said, clambering into his seat. "But I wanted to get word to the general manager of Amalgamated that we made the trip safely. I told Haverly to get a message to him by daylight if they had to swim."

In the task of driving, Prudence had pushed the personal trouble into the background of her mind, but now it came back and with it a resurgent anger and resentment. She was too tired and her nerves were too jangled for diplomacy.

"What are you talking about?" she asked curtly.

"Your father," was the bland reply. "I guess a man who can rear women like you can do a little thing like managing Amalgamated."

And he meant it. On the hazardous drive through the storm and the dark, he had had room in his mind for only two emotions—anxiety for his wife and

(Continued on page 46)

A splendid money-earning plan—Our Earn-Your-Own Club

A Patriot Maid

(Continued from page 6)

coming here." Then remembering his sister he called to her. "Phoebe! Phoebe! There's naught more to fear. We're saved!"

"Let me see," cried Susan Breakfasts, crowding beside him, to lean out of the little window. "They're coming here, that's plain. Think you they are friends or foes?"

"They're friends of a surety. I count any a friend who saves me from being burned by Hessians."

"What's come to our fire below there?"

Alexander leaned out perilously far to see if there was smoke issuing from the kitchen doorway and Susan Breakfasts clutched at his jacket.

"In sooth, seeing the Hessians run, put all other thoughts out of my mind; but I no longer note any smell of smoke. Belike that brand fell in one of the pools of honey and was smothered."

Reassured by this thought the children watched the approaching force with breathless interest and when they drew up in the farmyard Susan Breakfasts, remembering what might befall the horsemen if they ventured too close, called, "Halt! Halt!" at the top of her shrill, childish voice.

The leader of the party reined in his steed at her words and looked up with a smile on his lips. "Who giveth orders to my men?" he asked.

Susan Breakfasts, somewhat abashed for all her lofty position, managed to stammer a reply. "Indeed, sir, I meant not to command; but I have let loose the bees and they will mischief you if you venture too close."

"Said I not?" The big Hessian spokesman, for all his bonds, pushed forward officiously, unable to believe there existed a soldier who was not on the lookout for spoil. "You let us go I tell you something. Gold she has. Much gold."

Now this put Susan Breakfasts in somewhat of a quandary. This troop of men she took to be patriots as she had seen them lay the Hessians by the heels. For all that she knew not what was her duty in the matter and determined to stick to the letter of the truth.

"I have no gold!" she said positively.

"Gold she has. The boy he know." The Hessian pointed to Alexander who stepped back from the window in haste, disliking the attention drawn to him.

"What shall I say?" he whispered.

"The truth!" Susan Breakfasts answered. "You know your father paid a debt he owed my grandfather, but do you know how much he paid or where the money is now?"

"Why, why—why, no!" Shades of expressions chased each other over Alexander's countenance. In the end he felt vastly relieved.

"Young sir and lady, there seems a necessity for overmuch consultation above there," the officer called up in his pleasant voice. "What information

is the gentleman allowed to give?"

"He's making fun of us," Alexander whispered, "playing with us like a cat with a mouse."

"I told him to tell you the truth, sir," Susan Breakfasts leaned over the windowsill as she spoke, looking fixedly at something stuck in the officer's hat, "but now I see you wear the pussy-willow I care little what he tells you."

"I take it then you are a Tory, Miss."

"Nay, I'm no Tory," Susan Breakfasts cried indignantly. "How should a Tory know that signal? I'm all for General Washington and the Cause."

"Now that's good hearing, for so am I." The officer laughed outright. "His Excellency will be charmed to learn of your devotion. I shall not fail to tell him of it when next I see him. He hath not found too much of it in the Jerseys in the foretime."

"My grandfather was out with him at Trenton," Susan Breakfasts was called upon to say, "and none of my family have been backward."

"But you want to keep your money" the officer interrupted as in jest.

"In sooth," Susan Breakfasts replied gravely, "never have I had more than a penny or two of my own."

"Then you have money belonging to another in your charge? Have I guessed it? And how come you at your tender age to hold such a trust?"

The story was poured out quickly, the girl keeping back only the fact that Alexander's father was the Tory debtor.

"I know before ever my uncle was hurt Grandfather meant to take all of this money to General Washington once he got it again and now I am at odds with myself what to do. 'Tis plainly not safe here with me."

"And yet, my child, I think you defended it both bravely and ably today. Hark to the army you called to your aid."

Indeed the buzzing of the bees had never stopped, and Susan Breakfasts nodded understandingly.

"Yet my army fought not for love of me, but for honey. They were hirelings even as are the Hessians," she explained, "and, having made use of all our store, I have no more bribes to offer. How should I call them to help me again? In sooth I would that my grandfather were returned. Most like he would turn this coin over to you and we would be rid of the troublous stuff."

As if her wish had called him forth a horseman burst from the shelter of a distant copse and rode rapidly toward the farm house. "'Tis Grandfather on Dapple!" cried Susan Breakfasts, excitedly. "They're come home!"

She ran to the door to go down to welcome them, but thought of the bees stayed her and she returned to the window in time to see her grandfather drop rein in the dooryard.

(Continued on page 35)

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Sol Lesser

Patronize our Advertisers — they help us

A Patriot Maid

(Continued from page 33)

"Colonel Morgan," said Enoch Donne, saluting punctiliously, "this course before my own door had me nested. These brass-bound Hessians are so much easier to see than your rangers that I thought it wiser not to come home too openly, but first to spy out the ground for safety's sake."

The old man waved a signal and his cart with the grays drew out from the shelter of the spinney and breasted the slope.

"Tis a fine home-coming to see you here, and I bring you welcome news. The militia are rising all over the province. Our journey was shortened by nigh a half, for my son who had met with an injury, being in better state than we had dared hope, was brought along by some of his old mates on their way to join General Washington. My wife will be here in a jiffy and 'twill not take her long, once she is at home, to set some sort of a repast before you."

"Oh Granddaddy, Granddaddy!" cried Susan Breakfasts, "however, is Grandmother going to get into her house till night? 'Tis the bees who are keeping it now!"

A good-natured shout of laughter went up from the rangers at the comic despair in the girl's tone; but Colonel Morgan, seeing her discomfiture, came to her aid.

"The rangers are used to cooking their own meals in the open," he declared. "'Tis we who will be your hosts today while tomorrow you may entertain us. And now can we not find a ladder and rescue the brave defenders of your home, Master Donne?"

"I'll bring one from the hay now," the farmer said, while Susan Breakfasts turned a stricken face to Alexander.

"I never thought of a ladder," she whispered.

"No more did the Hessians," Alexander comforted her.

Then the two seized upon Phoebe, managing between them to make her understand that their troubles were over. Indeed Grandfather was ready with further comfort, for he had seen Mr. Allen and his wife, who were unhurt and would be overjoyed to hear their children were the same.

Once the besieged party was on the ground Colonel Morgan came up, hat in hand. "I want to know the name of this brave Patriot," he said bowing before Susan Breakfasts.

The girl hesitated. Her name always stuck in her throat, and while she hesitated Alexander spoke for her.

"Her name is Susan," he said gravely, "but from now on I shall always call her Susan Bee, because she was brave to defend her trust like the bees and because she knew how to bring them to help her."

The soldiers took this up and cheered for Susan Bee.



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SOROSIS GIRL SCOUT SHOES

And even Grandmother Donne, when she had heard the whole story, made no objection. So it befell that Susan Breakfasts had her wish and from that day changed the name that had been her torment.

"Were your little Susan Bee a lad I would offer her a place in my troop," Colonel Morgan told Enoch Donne. "No man among us could have thought of a better way to defeat these Hessian marauders single-handed."

"Now that I've kept it safe, what am I to do with the money?" Susan Bee asked anxiously. She could not rest quite content till she was relieved of her responsibility. "'Tis the coin from Master Allen," she explained to her grandfather, "all done up in sausage bags, under the eaves in my room."

Enoch Donne looked at his grand-

daughter as if he scarce could believe his ears. Then, as he took her meaning he turned to Colonel Morgan.

"I had meant it to go to support the Cause," he said deliberately, "but she hath risked her life for this money. What say you, Colonel Morgan, should it not be hers?"

The soldier nodded his head slowly up and down in agreement, his eyes on Susan Bee's face.

"You mean," she said as if bewildered, "that all that great sum is my very own to do with as pleaseth me?"

"I think it but right that it should be yours," her grandfather replied steadily.

"I've ne'er had any silver before to call mine," the girl hesitated, and her eyes traveled from face to face of those around her, till at last she met Phoebe's

(Continued on next page)

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(Continued from page 35)

glance and there rested as if to take council with one of her own age.

"You can buy velvets and silks, and a ring with a pearl in it," Phoebe suggested.

"If 'twere mine," said Alexander, "I'd have a brace of pistols and lay in a store of powder and ball against the coming of another band of Hessian robbers."

Mistress Donne put an arm around Susan Bee's shoulders.

"We'll not spend it on gewgaws," Grandmother said, with great pride and tenderness in her tones. "We'll lay it by for thy house and plenishings when thou comest to marry."

But Susan Bee, although her heart answered to this tenderness was not yet content. "Where's Uncle Ira?" she asked.

"Flat on his back in the cart," a cheerful voice said, and the girl ran over and climbed up on a wheel to look within.

"Uncle Ira," she cried, "how are your poor legs? Must I save my wealth to buy you a silver pair like to one 'tis said an old Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam wore?"

"Nay," her Uncle Ira replied jestingly, "as a poor relation, I thank you for your good will; but I hope to go back to Commodore Seymour with the two that have pranced along with me very well up to the time of this last mishap even if they are less ornamental than silver legs."

"That's good hearing," Susan Bee said, "but in truth I little feared that Grandmother would not mend you. She set Porky's leg to a miracle when it was broke."

A shout of laughter greeted this statement, which had been made in all gravity and when this had quieted Susan Bee faced them from the cart wheel without a smile for she thought them silly to laugh at what was no more than the exact truth. "Truly, Granddaddy," she asked, "is it for me to say what is to be done with this money?"

"Aye," her grandfather declared. "You shall decide and none shall question it now or hereafter."

"I'd buy a ruby necklet—or perchance a bee with wings of diamond," Phoebe urged, "that would make a fine remembrance."

But heeding not her schoolmate, with a swift and very gracious gesture Susan Bee turned to Colonel Morgan. "You are to see him soon," she said eagerly, "I beg of you to take it to him and ask his Excellency to spend it in any way that will help to free our land."

"You mean," said Colonel Morgan, "you want all your money to go to—?"

"Yes, yes, sir!" Susan Bee interrupted. "I want it to go, every penny piece of it, to his Excellency, General Washington for our Cause!"

The End

You will read every word of Jane Abbott's new serial

The Slimming of Beanie

(Continued from page 15)

They had forgotten all about her.

"Say, Beanie," she drawled, "Did you ever hear the rhyme about the young man named Perkins who ate so many green gherkins he pickled his internal workin's?"

Miss Jinny's grin became a chuckle, and almost before she knew it Beanie found herself gathered up in Miss Jinny's arms and laughing herself, as Miss Jinny rocked back and forth with "Oh, Beanie, you precious little idiot—you silly, foolish, darlin' little nincompoop."

And they all laughed until Miss Bryan the dietitian came over with the bedtime crackers and milk and wanted to know the joke.

"But we can't tell you," Migs said gravely. "It's a p.j. That stands for private joke."

And when she had gone, and Miss Jinny had wiped Beanie's face off with some cool water and Migs, who was sleeping in the hospital shack that night, too, had curled up in her bed, Miss Jinny came over and sat by Beanie.

"You know vinegar won't make you thin, Honey," she said. "It does just what it did to Migs' Mr. Perkins—it makes you sick; and people don't inherit being fat. What they do inherit is very nice fathers who buy them too many ice cream sodas and sundaes and frosted chocolates and rich dinners." She had spent one week-end with Beanie in the suburb just out of New York where she lived in an apartment hotel with her father and Mrs. McGill to look after her—Mrs. McGill who was a dear, but who didn't know much about growing girls.

"Well, I did have a good many frosted chocolates. They make wonderful ones near where we live, with whipped cream on the top."

"And you didn't go in for many sports."

"I sprained my ankle the first part of the winter, and I was excused from gym mostly," Beanie admitted.

"How much overweight are you, Beanie?"

"Twenty pounds."

"And how long before your father is coming back?"

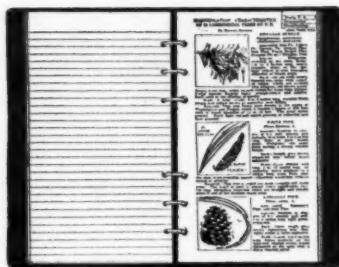
"Ten weeks."

"That's just two pounds a week. Why, I reckon, we can make that—if you really do want to reduce," she said mischievously.

And Beanie grinned back, her old, cheerful grin. "I'm your man, Miss Jinny. What's the job?"

"Well, you see, Beanie, you got fat because you ate too much. And you'll have to get thin by eating too little. There are some foods like butter and cream and sugar that make you fat without giving you much else. And there are other foods like fresh vege-

(Continued on next page)



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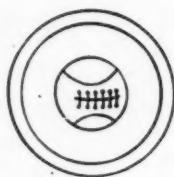
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(Continued from page 37)

tables that give you vitamins and mineral salts and things you need to grow on and that don't make much fat. That's what you will have to eat, and only one helping of potatoes. And then we'll exercise some of that fat into muscle—not too much at first, but a little more every day. I reckon it'll take right smart of pluck," she said earnestly.

"I'll do anything you say," Beanie promised fervently.

"Then you go to sleep now, and we'll work it out tomorrow."

And they did with the calory book and a pencil and paper. "Who'd have thought there were as many calories in a chocolate cream as in a big slice of bread. Ten pounds of meat at least must be chocolate creams," Beanie marvelled. Miss Jinny counted up how many calories she could have for each meal, and Beanie copied a long list of foods with the number of calories in each so she could know just how many she was eating.

"Not a single candy, or dessert or ice cream all summer," she mused. "It doesn't look very interesting."

And it was a bore, too, especially when blackberry cobbler was in season. Blackberry cobbler and cream. . .

But it would have been harder still if it hadn't been for Migs. "I'll have some spinach but no potatoes," she told Miss Billie one evening at supper as she passed her plate for a second helping. "I've decided to reduce. I'm five pounds over weight, and if I get any fatter I'll look like Mugs and Ida Louise, and all the world knows they're positively obese."

"Why Margaret Elizabeth Johnson, you weigh exactly as much as I do," Mugs answered.

"I'm one-fourth of a pound lighter than you are. That difference may be small, but it is important. And besides I think it's time somebody thought about our duty to the family. It's very well to have one fat person in a household, but two is unthinkable. I'm going to be the slim one. And Miss Jinny said if I'd have only one helping of starchy foods and no dessert all summer, my good looks would match any perfect disposition by the time we go home."

"Then there'll be two slim ones," and Mugs passed over her dessert to Bobs.

And Ida Louise joined the slimmers at the foot of the table, too. "Now, eat, you lean and hungry ones," was her benediction to the thin ones.

But Beanie was staring out into space with a rapt expression on her face.

"Beanie's seeing herself as the slim princess," Mugs grinned.

"No, I was making up a song for our end of the table. Can you think of a rhyme for hollow?" she asked thoughtfully.

(Continued on page 45)

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Introducing to You

Mrs. May Lamberton Becker

The Readers' Guide of The Saturday Review of Literature who will tell us about fascinating books, every month

AREN'T you always glad to have a friend who immediately has an answer for you when you ask, "What shall I read next?" She's as good as a steamship ticket to India or China because she can tell you about books that will take you there. She's as good—or better—than a movie ticket because she can tell you about a book with a stirring plot probably at least twice as good as most movies. In fact, she's a most wonderful kind of friend to have.

And just that kind of friend all readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL now have for their own. Her name is Mrs. May Lamberton Becker and every month she will tell us about new books, right here in our magazine.

Here is her photograph that you may feel really acquainted with her. Her eyes have the jolliest twinkle when she talks with you. And books! There isn't any kind that she can't tell you about.

That is why we are so happy to have her write for our magazine. We hoped that she would. But when we thought of how busy she is, we were afraid she might not have time. Then when we asked her, what do you think she said?

"Of course, I shall do it. I'll do it because I like girls and because I like what the Girl Scouts are doing. Shall I tell you in your October issue what I have found most girls have read by the time they are fourteen or fifteen?"

"Oh, yes!" we almost shouted for joy. "And thank you, Mrs. Becker."

How does it happen that Mrs. Becker knows so well what books girls these days will enjoy? Because she knows girls and because she knows books. She has a daughter of her own with whom she has always read and talked over books. Her daughter is married but because she is still in her early twenties, she remembers very clearly just what most appealed to her when she was in her 'teens. Beside her daughter, Mrs. Becker has many, many friends among girls. Women's Clubs

invite Mrs. Becker to come and talk before them about books. On these trips of hers, she naturally hears a great deal about what girls like to read.

When it comes to books, there are so many reasons why Mrs. Becker knows about them that we scarcely know where to start! Those of you who read *The Saturday Review of Literature* know that every week Mrs. Becker has a whole department in it called "The Readers' Guide." Any one at all who has a question to ask about books may write to her there. And if there isn't room for her to answer it in *The Saturday Review*, she will reply by mail. More questions come in! "What are some good stories about life at sea?" "What are the most exciting detective stories?" "What are the best small books to use in studying birds and flowers?" And Mrs. Becker answers them all.

It all started when she was only four years old. At that time, her family discovered her actually reading a book. Then they learned that she had been reading for some time. No one knew how long, least of all Mrs. Becker herself for it seemed to her that she had always been reading. When she was only eighteen, she was a dramatic critic on a daily newspaper. And today she is recognized as one of the leading authorities on books in America.

For over nine years, first as *The Readers' Guide* of a large New York newspaper, a department that she created, now as *The Readers' Guide* of *The Saturday Review*, Mrs. Becker has been receiving letters asking questions about books. Of these letters, Mrs. Becker writes, "I get charming letters, never cross ones. Books tend to make people courteous, I find."

A San Francisco newspaper once said of Mrs. Becker, "Her readers' feeling toward her is one of admiration, of confidence, and of affection."

So you can see how fortunate *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is to have Mrs. Becker every month. You will be interested in knowing just what she is going to do for us. The publishers of books that girls enjoy are going to send all their new books to her. Mrs. Becker will read these, selecting those which she knows will most appeal to the Girl Scouts. Then she will write us about those books, telling us what kind of books they are and giving us an idea about what is in them.

Mrs. Becker will be ever so glad to have you send her your own questions, too. If you have some for her, send them care of *The Saturday Review*, 236 East 39th Street, New York City. Tell your Captain and your mother and father that they, too, may send their book questions to Mrs. Becker, care of *The Saturday Review* which, by the way, is a fascinating weekly magazine filled with news of the latest and most interesting books.

Crisp and Tasty?

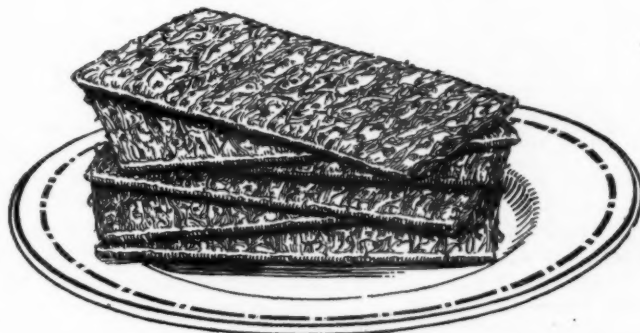
We have produced a new Triscuit. You will like it better than the old Triscuit, because it is thinner, crisper and better baked. The more you chew Triscuit the better it tastes and the more nutriment you get out of it. Triscuit for children develops sound teeth and healthy gums. It is a real shredded whole wheat cracker and contains all the bran you need to promote "bowel exercise." It is delicious for lunch. Toast it and eat it with butter, soft cheese or marmalade.

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What Caroline Could Do

(Continued from page 29)

new class which she entered seemed to show her more and more that the cooking she had been doing since she was a very young girl was a splendid thing to be able to do. And that to become a dietitian (which is what a person is called who knows all about foods and can plan menus of all kinds) is a splendid kind of work.

"I'm so glad, glad, glad I came here, mother dear," she wrote in one of her letters home, "it isn't all easy. Don't think that—because chemistry is *ferce*, this term. But I love it. And when I get out, I'm going to get a position in a small tea-room or lunch-room, I think. Caroline Mead, Dietitian. It sounds fine, doesn't it?"

Are You Interested in What Caroline Mead Did?

If you are, you may be sure that the work of a Dietitian is a splendid kind of work. Ask your domestic science teacher at school about where she studied. If you haven't a domestic science teacher, write to the Home Economics Department of your State University or the nearest Normal School, and ask them what studies you must take in High School in order to enter such a course.

Ask, too, how many years you must study and how much it will cost. Perhaps you will be able to win a scholarship which will help you with the expenses.

Or perhaps you are acquainted with a Dietitian. Ask her any questions which you have. For Dietitians are found everywhere today: in schools, hotels, hospitals, tea-rooms, lunch-rooms, restaurants—wherever meals for many people are being planned and served.



Correct this mistake in Your "American Girl"

Get out your August issue. Turn to page 19—Our Outdoor Cooking Page. Look at the next-to-last paragraph and change the word "tomato" to "tomato".

We deeply regret this mistake but know that you all realized it was a mistake.

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Axmanship

THE sooner the Girl Scout begins to learn axmanship, the better, for "catch 'em young" is the first principle in this important part of woodcraft. Have you seen a *real* axman attack a woodpile or a tree? How rhythmic the swing of shoulder, arm and axe, as though they were all one efficient piece of machinery, the axe but a prolongation of the arm. How precise and even the strokes. One lands exactly on top of the other, every one cutting deeper, with never a miss, or a hacking. Unhurried and easy, the true axman does not become winded.

There are a few cardinal precepts in learning axmanship. Take it slowly at first and try to get each stroke on top the last one. And have a good axe. The best is none too good. For general camping and hiking use—especially for girls—the light belt or hand axe—such as the official Girl Scout axe—is best.

Sharpen it carefully and slowly before using and keep it sharp. Time spent in keeping your axe in good condition is well spent, for it saves time later. Take care of your axe. Put it back in its sheath after use. Do not dull it by driving it into the ground. Be careful not to chop through boards with nails through them.

A word about the shape of an axe. It didn't just happen. It has been evolved from the first hatchet of stone that our primitive ancestors used in their caves. Imagine the discomfort of stone with your arm for the helve. Now every part has been perfected for a purpose. Steel has been hand forged for its blade and toughest hickory has been smoothed and shaped for its helve. This helve is gently rounded to fit neatly and comfortably into your palm. It has an enlarged hand-end, so that you may get a grip on it—else it might fly out of your hand and hit an innocent bystander. And the whole helve is not straight but curved so that the vibratory shock of each blow does not go directly into your palm.

Have you ever thought that a large part of the history of America is founded on the axe? The pioneer and the frontiersman chopped their way through the wilderness. It was with the axe that our states beyond the seacoast were carved out of virgin forest. Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone were expert axmen.

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YOUR PROFIT	\$ 7.00	\$11.50	\$24.00

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Everybody buys candy. Friends and families of your troop would rather buy well-known candy bars from them than from a store, because your candy will be fresh from the factory and sold at regular store prices. Our candies are the best and known all over the country for their quality. They are:

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All bulbs are extra large, sound, and guaranteed to bloom.

HERRMANN'S SEED STORE

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The Slimming of Beanie

(Continued from page 38)

And Beanie did slim. Every week the scales went down a little more, every week she grew stronger and harder, and her tennis game was so improved that Mrs. Johnny asked her to help teach.

In her enthusiasm she might have gone too far, if it had not been for Miss Jinny's carefulness. And she didn't forget the little talk she and Miss Jinny had one morning after she was quite well again. Miss Jinny had said that being a good Scout meant more than just playing a good game of tennis or knowing all about first aid. It meant thinking, too, wanting things and thinking how to get them, and deciding just where your own rights left off and the rights of other people came in. Running one's self was like riding a horse. Some horses would run themselves to death just for the love of running. But a good horsewoman kept her mount in hand. She knew when to let him out in a canter, and when to hold him down to a trot, and when there were other horses along, they, too, must be thought about. "And sometimes we ride alone, and then we can do pretty much as we please."

Beanie hadn't thought much about her own body before—how delicate it was and how complex, and how happy being perfectly well made you. And how being sick made you not only uncomfortable but irritable and cross. Sometimes when she thought things over just before going to sleep her face would burn in the darkness as she remembered what a poor sport Miss Jinny must think her. She would rather have had Miss Jinny's good opinion than anyone's else—hers and Migs.' Migs who hadn't even mentioned "the young man named Perkins" all summer long—even when she knew it would have made a corking good story to tell the other girls.

So it was that it wasn't getting her Scout degree that Beanie was happiest over. It wasn't even seeing the scales register "normal weight" for her. It was the night of the last camp-fire when "Mister Katy," who was the husband of Miss' Katy, the head of the camp, had given out all the honors, and he said, "Of course it's easy enough to cheer for the girl who has won a swimming contest or a basket-ball game, but there are some of us who fight gamer fights within ourselves, and who win bigger battles." He must have been thinking about horses, too, because he told about how the old knights who had passed the tests of true knighthood "won their spurs." "And I want to take off my hat," he smiled, "to the girl who has won her spurs, this summer, though we don't know who she may be—to the girl who rides her horse."

And Miss Jinny smiled at Beanie.

(Continued on next page)



The Happy Picnic Thought

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25 different Nicaragua, fine lot.....15c
25 different Uruguay, fine lot.....25c

H. CHITRARO
500 W. 123rd St., New York City

(Continued from page 45)

And then, when Beanie went home—but Beanie wrote Bobs a long letter about that. She said—

Bobs, darlin'

My mother is a love—I just can't wait for you to meet her. And she said I might ask you down for Thanksgiving. And Jim—he's my new brother,—is going to bring his roommate home from college. And do you know that daddy hardly knew me when he got off the boat? Miss Jinny had helped me buy a new dress. She just threw up her hands in horror when she saw me dressed to go home from camp. I suppose Mrs. McGill didn't know much about clothes, and I didn't either. Miss Jinny said I never would be a will-o-the-wisp like Mary, but that I needn't double my weight by wearing plaids. So she met Mrs. McGill and me in town one day, and we bought a dear little dark blue crepe de chine with tucks that ran all the way down from the yoke, and a black patent leather belt to wear with it, and a little black hat, and I had my hair cut so it doesn't make my face look so broad, and daddy just kept saying, "Why bless my soul, Felicia, bless my soul, when did you leave off being a Boston-baked and become a string bean?"

And Jim is nice too. I didn't know whether I was going to like him a lot. He's always been to schools in Europe, and he did seem kind of foreign. And I beat him at tennis the other day. He hasn't played much, but he was surprised when I won the set. He was a good sport, though. He said, "Looks like the party is on me. Would you rather go to the Hollowell for tea or to a matinee?" You know I thought a long time about those waffles and wild strawberry jam at the Hollowell, but I thought about Miss Jinny, too, and I said, "I believe I'd rather go to a matinee, if you would."

Your adoring,
Beanie.

When Prudence Drove the Car

(Continued from page 32)

admiration for the girl who was rushing him to her side.

And he saw the girl, not only as an individual, but as a representative of all youth. He saw that what he had so intolerantly condemned was largely a gesture to cover self reliance and courage and resourcefulness.

"If my daughter had lived," he heard himself saying, "I like to think that she could have done what you have done tonight."

Prudence spoke, but she kept her face averted. "When it comes to bouquets," she said, and there was a quaver in her voice, "I hold the standing broad throwing championship. Next to my father, I think you are the very nicest man in the world."

And Mr. Taft knew that, as the girl beside him threw in her clutch and peered down the Harchester turnpike, her eyes were blurred with tears.

IRELAND

These stamps are going to prove quite scarce, as they were issued in limited quantities. The following collections are exceptional offers:
Two different, scarce Irish.....10c
Six different, scarcer Irish.....15c
Ten different, rare Irish.....35c

GERMANY

The new million and billion values are out! The following are all unused:
One, two, four, five, ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred MILLION mark value, ea. 10c
Five hundred million and one billion mark value 15c
Or, the ten different stamps for..... 50c

COLLECTIONS

All the following come from every part of the world, and each stamp is "worth while":
50 different.....10c 200 different.....20c
300 different.....35c 500 different.....50c
1000 all different, catalog value \$20-\$25, \$1.75
Larger packets, up to 20,000 assembled to order.

Every stamp we sell is guaranteed genuine, and the prices quoted are postpaid.

With every order we will include without additional charge a coupon good for \$1 worth of stamps, free, and our wholesale price list.

WILBUR F. CANNON AND CO.
1413 Carey Ave., Davenport, 5, Iowa

1000 U. S. and Foreign
Stamps 25c
250 Foreign Stamps . 10c
50 All different Scandinavia 10c
40 All different Japan 10c
35 All different Roumania 10c

The Japan are in original rice paper printed packet.

With each of the dime packets a free photo from Norway, or another of 12-inch guns in action. State which.

PHIL. LUNDSTED
Cape Cottage Maine

ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c!

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (pre-war) value of forty million dollars (interesting!); perforation gauge and mm. scale; small album; 2 approval sheets; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Johore, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants! Extra premium this month only.

ANCHER STAMP CO.
9a Monticello Avenue Jersey City, N. J.

BULGARIA.

28 to 37 compl., 22c. 57 to 65..... 15c
89-97, 39c. *70-72 compl. 30c
104-111 compl., 20c. 112..... 3c
114-121a compl., 14c. 122-129 compl. .. 32c
130-133 compl., 8c. 134-146 compl. 22c
*147-152 compl., 35c; used. 35c
153-157 compl., 10c. 158-162a..... 9c
*168-176 compl., 35c; used. 35c
178-179, 3c. 251-260 compl. 42c
372-375, 18c. 377-381 compl. 34c
382-390 compl., 25c. Roumania, 751-754 16c
PAUL SCHLIPPE, 506 E. 6th St., New York

FOR SALE

300 Surprise packages, containing 25 different stamps, one catalog 8c to \$1.75, 10c while they last in Canada and U. S. A. only.

Pierre R. Drolet

60a Second Ave., Verdun, Que., Can.

Earn your renewal by securing 3 new subscriptions

ALL DIFFERENT

50 Africa	25c
50 Asia	30c
50 Bosnia	60c
50 Finland	30c
50 Germany	10c
25 Guatemala	25c
25 Luxemburg	10c
50 Poland	10c
40 Sweden	15c
50 Turkey	30c
50 West Indies	35c

1000 fine Hinges.....10c

Stamp-List free upon request
HERMAN JOERG
 1027 FLUSHING AVENUE.
 Brooklyn, N. Y.

Greece, 50 beautiful stamps, catalogued over \$1.90..... \$.25
 French Colonials, mostly oblong pictorials, 10040
 Portuguese Colonials, all issues and Colonies, 10040
 Prices of larger packets of any of the above sent on request.

**FRENCH AMERICAN
 STAMP COMPANY**
 322 Eighty-First St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Handicraft for Scouts

Reedcraft furniture, although especially desirable in summer because of its cool beauty and usefulness, has up to now been extremely high priced. But our new "Make It Yourself" method entirely eliminates the high cost element. You can purchase the material for low cost or you can obtain a package with material necessary to finish a basket, a mat or a tray. Written simple directions make it so easy that even a child could fashion it perfectly.

Write now for our pamphlet
 "Pleasant Surprise."

American Reedcraft Co.
 132 Beekman St. New York City

A GIRL SCOUT SEES AND HEARS

Lend Us Your Eyes and Ears
 and We Will Improve Them

THE GUIDE TO NATURE

Subscription \$1.50 per year
 Sample Copy 15 Cents

EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
 Arcadia

SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

Troop subscriptions have been abolished—subscribe individually

Our Girl Scout "Little" Homes

(Continued from page 19)

ing or renting homes to serve as their own local Scout headquarters. Such homes can be specially chosen to serve as demonstration homes and can be borrowed by or offered to the local Better Homes committee. It is expected that the little Better Home of the Girl Scouts at Washington, D. C. will be used each year as a permanent demonstration of a home of the better type.

"Whenever Girl Scouts buy houses and remodel them for use as Scout headquarters, why not invite others to help you in making careful plans for the remodeling and making your new home as convenient, comfortable, beautiful and homelike as is possible?"

"Take pictures 'before' and 'after' to show your visitors. Keep careful records of everything you spend. And as for what you, the Girl Scouts, can actually do yourselves—there is plenty! You can help choose the furniture. You can remodel or refinish donated furniture. You can plant shrubs and gardens, make curtains, embroider and stencil hangings and covers. Girl Scouts, make your own Headquarters better homes."

Dr. Ford will be happy to send you a free booklet, "A New Neighbor to the White House," which describes our own Little Home. He has other fascinating booklets: How to furnish the Small Home (price 25 cents); Plan Book of Small Homes 3, 4, 5 and 6 rooms—(price 25 cents); and others of which he will tell you, if you will write him.



*These were attractive yet simple
 Irish costumes in the Philadelphia
 Rally*

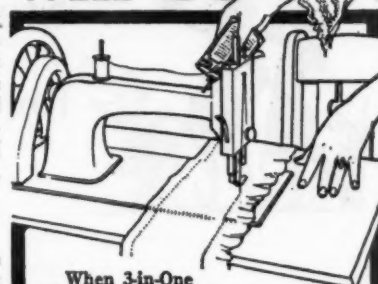
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THE RED STOVE REMEDY

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Now it Will Go!



When 3-in-One oil reaches the point of friction in a sewing machine bearing, friction dies immediately. Instead of groaning and hanging back, needle and shuttle take wings and fly like the wind. The tread runs free and easy and sewing becomes a joy.

3-in-One oil

is the greatest oil in the world for sewing machines and all fine mechanisms—try it and see. Sold in drug, grocery, hardware and general stores. 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (1/2 pt.) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3 1/2 oz., 25c. If not with your dealer, we will send one of these cans by parcel post full of 3-in-One oil for 30c.



FREE—A generous sample and the 3-in-One Dictionary by mail.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
 Broadway New York

*A Book That Makes
 Your Mouth Water*

Camp Grub

By ELON JESSUP

It tells what food to take with you; how to keep it fresh; and how to cook it appetizingly with the least trouble.

Even if your "camping" is merely a hike with a meal or two in the open these fall days, it is a good book to pack your knap-sack by—and just run over those recipes!

Of course, for genuine camping it is simply indispensable.

\$3.50, postage extra

E. P. DUTTON CO.
 681 Fifth Ave., New York City

Make \$19 Per 100 Stamping names on Key checks. Send 25c for sample and instructions to **G. S. KEY-TAG CO., Cohoes, N. Y.**

HEMSTITCHING and Piloting attachment works on any machine—\$2, with instructions. **A. SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.**

\$50 a Week I made it with small Mail Order Business. Booklet for stamp tells how. Sample and Plan 25c. 12 Mail order articles **FREE**. **ALGS SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.**



Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective July 1, 1924



Uniforms

	Size	Price
Long Coat.....	10-18	\$3.50
	38-42	4.00
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.50
	38-42	5.00
Skirt	10-42	2.00
Bloomers	10-42	2.25
Knickers	10-42	2.50
Norfolk Suits—Officer's:		
<i>Khaki, light weight.</i>	34-42	7.00
<i>Khaki, heavy weight.</i>	34-42	\$15.00
<i>Serge</i>	34-42	37.50

	Size	Price
Hats, Officer's	7½-8	3.75
Hats, Scout.....	6½-8	1.50
Canvas Leggings, Pair.....		1.00
Web Belt	28-38	.60
	40-42	.75
Leather for officers..	28-38	2.50
Middy—Official khaki ..	10-40	1.75
Neckerchiefs, each40
Colors: . Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black, and yellow.		

	Size	Price
Black Silk		\$2.00
Puttees, Women's sizes.....		3.00
Girls' sizes		2.00
Sweater—Slip-over type	10-14	6.50
	16-22	7.00
Coat type	10-14	7.50
	16-22	8.00
Waterproof Coats, sizes	10-20	7.50
	sizes 40-42	9.00
Waterproof Capes, sizes	10-20	7.50
	sizes 40-42	9.00

Badges

x Attendance Stars	
<i>Gold</i>	\$0.20
<i>Silver</i>15
x First Class Badge.....	.25
x Flower Crests15

x * Life Saving Crosses	
<i>Silver</i>	\$1.75
<i>Bronze</i>	1.50
x * Medal of Merit.....	1.00
x Proficiency Badges15

x Second Class Badge.....	\$0.15
x * Thanks Badge	
<i>Heavy gold plate with bar..</i>	3.00
<i>Gold Plate Pins.....</i>	.75
<i>Silver Plate</i>75

Pins

x Brownie	\$0.25
x Committee75
x * Community Service25
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50

x Lapels—G. S.—Bronze.....	\$0.50
x Tenderfoot Pins	
<i>10K Gold (safety catch)....</i>	3.00

<i>Gold Filled (safety catch)...</i>	\$0.75
<i>New plain type.....</i>	.15
<i>Old style plain pin.....</i>	.08

Insignia

x Armband	\$0.15
x Corporal Chevron10

x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.	\$0.20
x Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat)50

x Lapels—G. S., for Scouts....	\$0.20
x Patrol Leader's Chevron....	.15

Songs

America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05
Are You There.....	.10
Enrollment10
Everybody Ought to be a Scout ..	.15
First National Training School ..	.25
Girl Guide60
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15

Girl Scout Songs	
<i>Vocal Booklet</i>	\$0.10
<i>Piano Edition.....</i>	.30
Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04
<i>Lots of 10 or more.....</i>	.03
Goodnight15
Hike Songs.....	.20

Oh, Beautiful Country.....	.05
On the Trail:	
<i>Piano edition</i>	\$0.60
<i>Midget Size</i>05
<i>Lots of 10 or more.....</i>	.02
Onward10
To America25
Be Prepared, Girl Guide Song ..	.35

Flags

American Flags		
Size	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50
3x5 ft.	8½ inches	4.50

G. S. Felt Emblems (separate)

3x4	35c
4x5	40c
6x7	45c
7x10.....	55c

(x) Troop Flags		
Size	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool..	\$2.50
2½x4 ft.	Wool..	4.00
3x5 ft.	Wool..	5.50
4x6 ft.	Wool..	8.00

Flag Set..... \$1.25

Includes:

1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed	
6-ft. Staff	
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy	
web carrying case	
Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not	
jointed60

(x) Troop Flags (continued)	
	Price
Semaphore Flags (extra), per pair75

(x) Troop Pennants

Lettered with any Troop No..	\$1.50
------------------------------	--------

Staffs

1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral	
G. S. Emblem....	\$6.50
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.	4.90
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.	3.40
G. S. Emblem—separate.....	3.60
Eagle Emblem—separate	2.50
Spear Emblem—separate	1.50
Flag Carrier.....	2.50

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Earn-Your-Own money in

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price		Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	A Girl Scout Pageant50
Brownie Pamphlet15	<i>Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard.</i>	
Brownie Report75	Patrol Register, each15
* Blue Book of Rules25	Patrol System for Girl Guides25
Camping Out, L. H. Weir	2.00	Play (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)	\$0.15
Campward Ho!75	<i>In lots of 10 or more</i>	.10
Camp and Field Notebooks—		Post Cards—	
3 Projects complete with cover	1.50	<i>Set of six (Silhouette)</i>	.10
Project separate40	<i>1 dozen sets</i>	1.00
Cover30	<i>Single cards</i>	.02
Captain's Field Notebook	1.25	<i>Set of, four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring,</i>	
Community Service Booklet—		<i>Summer. Sets cannot be broken)</i>	.20
Each10	Posters—	
Per dozen	1.00	<i>Girl Scout poster (large)</i>	.20
First Aid Book—		<i>Girl Scout poster (small)</i>	.10
<i>General Edition</i>	.50	<i>Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters</i>	6.85
<i>Woman's Edition</i>	.25	<i>Single copies, each</i>	1.00
Girl Guide Book of Games50	Producing Amateur Entertainments, Helen Ferris ..	2.50
Health Record Books, each10	Signal Charts15
<i>Per dozen</i>	1.00	<i>Lots of 10 or more</i>	.10
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover	1.00	Scout Laws	
<i>Flexible Cloth Cover</i>	.75	Poster size50
<i>English Girl Guide</i>	.75	Small size15
Home Service Booklet, each10	Postcard size05
<i>Per dozen</i>	1.00	Scout Mastership	1.50
* Introductory Training Course15	Troop Management Course75
Life Saving Booklet15	Troop Register	2.00
Measurement Cards05	<i>Additional Sheets</i>	
Ye Andrée Logge75	<i>Individual Record</i>	.03
		<i>Field Note Book size</i>	.01
		<i>Attendance Record</i>	.03
		<i>Cash Records, 6</i>	.03

* Punched for Field Notebook.

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, with Sheath	\$1.50	Poncho (45x72)	\$3.25
Belt Hooks, extra05	" (60x82)	4.50
Blankets—4-pound Grey	6.00	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
Bugle	3.50	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
Braid— $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide, yard10	Rope, 4 ft. by $\frac{1}{4}$ in.15
x Buttons—Per set25	<i>Lots of 5 or more, each</i>	.10
<i>10s—6 1 to set—dozen sets</i>	2.75	<i>Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt</i>	.50
Camp Toilet Kit	2.25	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard	4.75
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25
<i>Tin</i>	1.50	<i>Aluminum Case</i>	.50
Compass, Plain	1.00	Scout Stationery50
<i>Radiolite Dial</i>	1.50	Scout Stickers, per dozen05
Cuts—		Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-1150
<i>Running Girl</i>	1.00	Sun Watch	1.25
<i>Trefoil</i>	.75	Transfer Seals, 2 for05
First Aid Kit with Pouch	1.25	Thread, Khaki spool15
<i>Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra</i>	.50	<i>Per dozen spools</i>	1.20
First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.80	x Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
Flashlights, Small size	1.35	<i>Long Coat Uniform</i>	.65
<i>Large size</i>	1.65	<i>1 Long Coat Pattern</i>	} Give pattern size
Handkerchiefs—Scout emblem:		<i>1 Pair Lapels</i>	
<i>Linen</i>	.40	<i>1 Spool of Thread</i>	
<i>Cotton</i>	.25	<i>1 Set of Buttons</i>	
Haversacks, No. 1	2.75	<i>Two Piece Uniform</i>	.80
<i>No. 2</i>	1.50	<i>1 Short Coat Pattern</i>	} Give pattern size
<i>Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair</i>	.25	<i>1 Skirt Pattern</i>	
x Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide35	<i>1 Pair Lapels</i>	
<i>Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide</i>	.55	<i>1 Spool of Thread</i>	
Knives, No. 1	1.50	<i>1 Set of Buttons</i>	
<i>No. 2</i>	1.00	<i>No make-up sets for middies and bloomers</i>	
Mess Kit, No. 1 Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.50	Whistles30
Mirror—Unbreakable25	Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.50
x Patterns—			
<i>Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42</i>	.15		
<i>Norfolk Suit, 34-42</i>	.25		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

Girl Scout National Supply Department

189 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Our Earn-Your-Own Club

Along the Editor's Trail

WHEN you open your AMERICAN GIRL and see the names, "Helen Ferris, Editor," and "Alice Waller, Business Manager," do you ever wonder what they do when they plan THE AMERICAN GIRL and what they say to each other when they come in to National Headquarters, every morning?

Here they are to talk with you about the magazine "along the editor's trail." In this photograph taken by our good friend, Jessie Tarbox Beals, you see Helen Ferris seated and Alice Waller standing beside her, both deep in plans for your next magazine.



Helen Ferris (seated) and Alice Waller talking over the next issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL

This is what Miss Ferris was saying a few moments before this picture was taken. "Miss Waller, don't you wish we had the Girl Scouts here with us to help us decide just what to put on this page? It would be such help and such fun, too, to talk everything over with them. Because THE AMERICAN GIRL is theirs."

"I certainly do wish they were here," Miss Waller replied. "I always wonder when each new issue comes out whether the girls really do like our stories. And Scout news. And all the rest of it. But don't forget, Miss Ferris, that we are going to have another 'What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest' and all the letters which the girls will send in will give us just the help we need."

"That's right, Miss Waller, thank you for reminding me," went on Miss Ferris. "I can't tell you how those letters have helped which the girls sent us last fall in the other contest. Why, we started our Puzzle Page because the girls asked for it. And our Fashion Lady page. And ever so many other things. And I am sure many more girls will write us this year. I can scarcely wait!"

Yes, it is true that last year's contest has been of the greatest possible help in making THE AMERICAN GIRL a magazine which every Girl Scout will enjoy. That is why we are having another "What-I-Wish" contest.

We know how much you enjoy our contests. You often write and tell us so. But this contest is different from any we have ever had, different even from our last year's "What-I-Wish" contest. For this one has a ballot!

Every one is talking about ballots, these days. Before you vote, spend just as much time thinking which way is best for you to vote as your mother and father are doing for their ballots.

When you come to write your letter, read all the conditions of the contest on page 13 very carefully. Just think, last year one girl's letter would have won a very high place had she not forgotten to tell her age. First place this year will be won by the girl who reads every contest condition and follows it.

Your Editor has some special questions to ask you which she hopes you will answer in your letters if you wish.

This is what she is saying: All of us in the office of THE AMERICAN GIRL wish to know whether our subscribers are enjoying our stories. Are they the kind you like? Get out your back copies. Go over the stories. Which have you liked best? Have there been some that you have not liked? Why?

Do you wish to have stories with boys in them? High School stories? Boarding School stories? Do you really enjoy mystery stories?

Are girls these days inter-

ested in what they shall do after they finish High School or College? Did you enjoy "Ruth Clifford, Basket-ball Captain" and the story about the girl who became a nurse?

How about our Scribes' Corner? Do you wish to have more lists of plays?

Do you wish to have more handicraft pages? If so, what kind of things do you wish to know how to make?

You see, the Editor sometimes wrinkles her forehead very deeply. One magazine must please all the Girl Scouts. But how can THE AMERICAN GIRL please all the Girl Scouts unless you tell the Editor what you wish to read?

Yes, it is true that we shall award a wrist watch to the girl who wins first place in this contest. It is true that we shall publish her letter and photograph. It is true that we shall tell every reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL what troop this fortunate girl's is and what the name of her town is.

But this contest is more than the usual contest. It is a service to Scouting. It is helping make the Girl Scout magazine better than ever. It is doing your bit as Assistant Editor. For you are an Assistant Editor and without your help, the magazine could never be one which all Girl Scouts enjoy.

Get out your pen and the ink. Write your letter today. Help your Editor and Business Manager. And you will make them look as joyous as this picture here at the foot of the page.

And when you have put the last period after the last sentence, you may be certain of this—that you have taken your place as a real Assistant Editor of your magazine. And every suggestion that you make will be used if it possibly can be. It will be most interesting to you, too, to watch our coming issues and see whether what you suggest has actually been carried out.

Help your Editor and Business Manager. Make them look as joyous as this picture here.



Your Editor and Business Manager when your letter arrives!

Do You Know the New Crests and Merit Badges?



The new Home Service badges. Three proposed designs were published in the May issue of *The American Girl* with a ballot to record Girl Scout preferences. This one received the largest number of votes

The Cardinal (flower), the Cardinal (bird), and the Red Robin are three new crests now added to the list of those carried by The National Supply Department. Besides, there are two new Merit Badges (Home Service and Scholarship), while the designs for the First Aide and Home Nurse Badges have been changed.

How often have you thought, "I wonder where I can find a list of crests and badges"? Therefore, we are publishing a complete list, one that you can keep. And for your convenience in ordering just check this list and attach to your order. All merit badges and crests are 15 cents each.

Crests

Bluebell
Bluebird
Bluebonnet
Buttercup
*Cardinal (Flower)
*Cardinal (Bird)
Carnation
Clover (Pink)
Cornflower
Crocus
Daisy
Daffodil
Dogwood

Forget-me-not
Fuschia
Goldenrod
Holly
Iris
Jonquil
Lily of the Valley
Mountain Laurel
Morning Glory
Nasturtium
Narcissus
Oak
Pansy (Brown)
Pansy (Purple)

Pine Cone
Poppy
*Red Robin
Rose (Red)
Rose (White)
Scar. Pimpernel
Star of Bethlehem
Shamrock or Clover Leaf
Sunflower
Thistle
Violet (Purple)
Violet (White)
Wild Rose

*These are new crests recently added to stock.
Price of any crest 15c

Merit Badges

Artist
Athlete
Beekeeper
Bird Hunter
Bugler
Business Woman
Camper
Canner
Child Nurse
Citizen
Cook
Craftsman
Cyclist
Dairy Maid
Dancer
Dressmaker
Drummer
Economist

Electrician
Farmer
†First Aide
Flower Finder
Gardner
Handywoman
Health Guardian
Health Winner
Homemaker
†Home Nurse
Horsewoman
Hostess
*Home Service
Interpreter
Journalist
Laundress
Milliner
Motorist
Musician

Needlewoman
Pathfinder
Photographer
Pioneer
Rock Tapper
Sailor
Signaller
Star Gazer
Swimmer
Telegrapher
Zoologist
Entertainer
Scout Aide
*Scholarship
Scout Neighbor
Woodcraft
Scout Naturalist
Land Scout

*These are new badges.
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